II

BIOGRAPHY OF

FATHER LOCKHART.

Reprinted, with additions, from the Autumn number of "The Ratcliffian."

RATCLIFFE COLLEGE, LEICESTER.

ST. WILLIAM'S PRESS, MARKET WEIGHTON.

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FATHER LOCKHART.

THE late Father Lockhart was of Scotch descent, though his family had not lived in Scotland for the last four or five generations. In Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, his father is thus referred to: "Alexander Lockhart, son of William of Edinburgh (City), armiger, St. Mary's Hall, matriculated 28 March, 1808, age 20; B.A., 1811; M.A., 1814; Rector of Stone, 1822, and Curate of Hartwell, Bucks; died at Ampthill in 1831." The Rev. Alexander Lockhart was a Justice of the Peace for Buckinghamshire, a member of the Brunswick Club, then patronised by the Duke of York (as the sole hope of the old conservative Protestant party), and was of an old-fashioned type, more of a squire than a parson. About 1810, according to his son's recollection, Mr. Lockhart was presented to both of his Buckinghamshire livings; to that of Stone by Sir William Lee, at the instance of the young undergraduate's bosom friend, Richard Plantagenet, eldest

son of the Marquess of Buckingham; and with the reversion of the rectorship of Hartwell by the Marquess himself. Though Vicar of Stone, he paid a Curate to live and do the work there, while he himself continued his studies at Oxford, and, when ordained, acted as Curate at Hartwell, where he preferred to live, as there was in that parish a better house. In 1822, on the death of the old and infirm incumbent, whose duty he had hitherto taken, he succeeded as Rector also of Hartwell. He had married first a Miss Carr-Newnes, by whom he had one daughter, Elizabeth.

Here, while the Christmas bells were ringing in the winter of 1813, and he was sitting by his wife's death-bed, the sad news came, by letter, of the death of his dearest brother William, who, while serving in the Lancers, fell at the battle of Vittoria. He disliked the sound of the bells ever afterwards.

After the death of his first wife, Mr. Lockhart exchanged cures with the Rector of Wallingham, about four miles from Croydon, in Surrey. While doing duty here, he one day met, in the poet's corner at Westminster Abbey, a Miss Jacob, daughter of Mr. William Jacob, a well-known traveller, and M.P. for Rye. Mr. Lockhart and Martha Jacob were soon joined in wedlock, and their only child, William, the subject of this memoir, was born in his grandfather Jacob's house at Wareingham, near London,

22 Aug., 1819.* He remembered living, however, for some time as a child in Belgrave Square in in London, and looking out on the green fields near. It appears that his father paid a visit every winter to his sister Isabella, who lived in Belgrave Square, while she stayed with her brother at Hartwell every year, on her way to and from Scotland. In 1822, Mr. Lockhart became Rector at Hartwell, and his son well remembered visiting with him and his mother the gentry in the neighbourhood, amongst whom were the Marquess of Buckingham and Chandos and his son, Lord Temple, at Lilies. We have fortunately some reminiscences of this period, written by Father Lockhart, shortly before he died, at the earnest request of the present writer. They were intended as the last chapter for the second volume of "Old Religion."

* William Jacob, Father Lockhart's grandfather on his mother's side, began life as a midshipman in the navy, and was a man of culture and of some literary ability. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was the translator of a novel called "Levi and Sarah," and of several articles on geography and statistics in the "Encylopædia Britannica" of 1824 and 1825. His own copy of the 4th edition, Edinburgh, 1810, is in Ratcliffe College Library, and another copy given by him to his grandson, is at St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place, London.

In the Preface to the Supplement of 1824, Mr. Jacob is mentioned as the author of the articles on Germany, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Mexico, Peru, New Granada, &c., &c. (pp. xxvi.–vii.) The articles written by him in the Supplement, are all signed, W. W.

As a boy, I was an idle little vagabond, never thinking of anything but my amusements—my pony and my dogs.

I remember, however, at different epochs in my life, what I can now only consider as special communications from on high.

They came distinctly, and consciously, from without, each like a flash of light, leaving an indelible impression in my soul. There was nothing to lead up to them in my reasonings or states of feeling. They were not logical inferences from any known premisses, for the premisses were wanting, so far as any consciousness goes. I can only think of them as intuitions of faith, special supernatural visitations, or the action of Angelic guardians, which are always present, seldom noted.

Afterwards, too, their influence seems to have passed away, without any moral effect, leaving me just as thoughtless as before.

But perhaps this was not the case, only I do not see that these flashes of light made me any better, or more thoughtful.

Yet, when I look back, those epochs stand out in relief, like nothing else that has fixed itself in my memory.

The first of these was when I was perhaps between seven and eight years old.

I was standing, by myself, at my father's study window, a ground-floor room looking out into the garden. I remember the scene exactly; the green

turf, the flower beds, the high laurel boundary hedge, the church wall beyond, with the lofty dark cedar trees, in the garden an ancient cypress tree, near the house, standing tall as a poplar; I have never seen one like it in England. It was always teeming with little wrens, and was full of their nests.

Suddenly, I felt the conscious feeling of existence, of "I am." I remember this first fresh feeling of conscious existence or being; nay, it has never left me. I said to myself, "I am, things are, God is." It was the feeling and the thought of *being* and of *cause*. It brought with it a sense of awe, of sadness, of responsibility.

I suppose that consciousness and conscience were then born within me.

I think this never left me. All through my childhood, from that time, I was sensitive to right and wrong. I felt grieved with myself when I had gone against obedience to my parents, and could get no peace till I had told it to them. I could not bear to conceal anything that was on my conscience from my father. Yet, for all this, I believe I was very naughty, often passionate, and idle as you please. I remember being put back to spelling words of two syllables; it was supposed to be a great disgrace, but I can call to mind quietly congratulating myself that I should be free from the trouble of learning my lesson, because I knew it, and I was glad to shirk the long words.

I was caught one day drowning flies in my bread

and milk, and was made to feel, by some punishment, the wickedness of cruelty.

It must have been about this time that my father made me learn a chapter in the *Book of Proverbs*, on obedience and keeping out of evil ways and evil company, though, in fact, I was out of the way of both, and did not know what evil was. It was the chapter beginning, "Hear, my son, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding; go not into the way of evil men, avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away," &c.

One day I remember my dear father saying to me something which arrested my attention, and I have never lost the impression of his words and the serious look in his face. I do not know what led to it. We had just been to see the horses in the stable, and stood together in the yard. I remember the spot. It was a little word, so delicately said, which gave me the sense that there was evil, worse than any I knew, and that I could commit it. It was a hint which I afterwards knew meant sensual gratification. This little word, I do not remember what it was; for years it was 'a light to my feet, and a lamp to my paths.'

I did not know evil. When I went to school, I heard boys talking of things which I did not understand, but which I felt instinctively were the evil things my father meant. They asked me if I knew something? I remember my answer, for which I was well laughed at: 'I don't know, I don't care, and I don't want to know.'

School, where I first knew other boys, and a private tutor's, where I first knew young men, brought the influence of bad public opinion, and did much to impair the delicate influences for good, which had come to me from God, in the words of a father.

Oh, my father was a good man. How happy my days were with him; I was always his companion in his rides, on my pony, by his side, holding his horse when he went into the cottages to visit the sick and dying. It was happiness, because it was the sense of home: a shadow of the lost Paradise is the innocent child's home, and there is nothing like it on earth.

Yes, my father was a good man. I have always by me his *Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ:* an old Latin pocket edition (Antwerp, 1664). It is marked with his pencil in many places. It was his companion in his Oxford days, and made him what he was.

He lies buried beneath the Chancel window of his church—R.I.P. On his tomb are the words,* 'My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord! for as much as your labour is not in vain in the Lord.—Be ye therefore always ready, for in the hour you think not the Son of Man will come.'

But to return to my earlier days of childhood. It

* "I well remember choosing them," has been omitted here by the author in writing out his fair copy.

is strange that I do not remember any distinct teaching I may have had about revealed religion. I suppose it was taken for granted; but of distinct Christian theology, I certainly had no reflected knowledge. I learned the *Church Catechism.* This teaches very well our duty to God and to our neighbour, and touches briefly on the other Commandments. It teaches the duty of prayer, and shortly explains the Lord's Prayer; on the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper it is dogmatically explicit, and defines the nature of a Sacrament as Catholics would do. But, on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, there is no explanation sufficient to fix these two fundamental doctrines in the mind of a child or of any person. Hence it came that I grew up from childhood to early manhood without these doctrines in my mind at all, and therefore also without a notion of the nature of Baptism and of the Lord's Supper; and I had not the dimmest notion of the Real Presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper; although this also is taught, *in words*, in the Catechism.

I remember when I was small enough to be sitting on my mother's knee, and she was giving me clusters of white currants dipped in sugar; my mother told me years afterwards, what I do not remember, that I looked up into her face, feeling grateful to her for the good things I was getting, and said, 'thank you, Mama.' She said, 'but Mama

and all good things come from God up above in heaven,' and that I looked up to the skies and said, very naturally, 'Thank you, God.' Surely this shows how spontaneous in children is faith in the word of the parent, as an authority that cannot deceive nor be deceived, and how the word of external authority elicits faith in God. So the child learns to speak in prayer and thanksgiving to the living but invisible God. So it was with me, and prayer, morning and evening, was never missed. However little there was of reflection, there were always the words of the prayers, and a recognition of the duty of raising up the mind and heart to God. How true is it that for good or for evil, 'our souls are in each other's power'—and this is especially true in the case of parents; they can mould like wax the young and tender soul, sensitive to every impression. ''Tis education trains the youthful mind,' says the old trite proverb; 'just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

There was in all this apparently nothing but Natural Religion. I think what I now state is a proof of this.

I remember there was an engraving hanging in our dining-room, taken from a painting by one of the old masters, of the Annunciation, the Blessed Virgin and the Angel Gabriel, but I do not remember ever to have had any religious idea connected with it, such as would be in the mind of any Catholic child.

Yet perhaps there was more in my mind than I adverted to, or can remember. One thing I recollect, was told me by my mother years after, that when I was quite a small child, a gentleman who was calling, I think he was the family doctor, took me up in his arms and carried me round the room to amuse me by looking at the pictures. There was a print, taken I think, from a painting by Raphael, representing the Ascension of our Lord into heaven, and I shocked the doctor by putting my finger on the figure of our Lord among the clouds and saying, 'that's God.' My mother told me that he put me down immediately, perfectly frightened at my very explicit theology.

I doubt if this indicated any real hold, such as a Catholic child would have from the teaching of his catechism, and from Catholic traditions and worship, of the doctrine of the Incarnation, of God, of His life, death, resurrection, and ascension.

I suspect it was rather an anthropomorphic notion I had of God.

I distinctly remember, when I was quite a small child, I used to think, in a kind of dumb terror, about God, up above the skies. I supposed He must have a long spear with which He killed wicked people, and put them, I knew not where; but I thought the entrance was under a great stone in the neighbouring church-yard, which I suppose I had been told led to the vaults where the dead people were buried.

If I had been naughty, I was in great terror of the rooks, of which there were great flocks that came flying overhead every evening. I had heard a text of Scripture about the 'ravens' that would pick out the eyes of wicked children, and I thought the rooks were ravens, and that they would come some day and take me. I was in great terror of the Last Judgment Day, which I had heard about in the Gospel read in the Church.

I remember frightening myself into a kind of panic, one day, convinced that the sound of the bells of a distant flock of sheep, going along the road, was the distant sound of the last trumpet of doom, waxing louder and louder. I can feel still the sense of relief, when I became assured that my fears were vain. These are all the things I can remember of my early years.

A particular Providence, or rather, extraordinary grace, as vivid, real and lasting as that first grace by which I woke up to consciousness of existence and to conscience, happened to me when I was about nineteen, just before I went to Oxford.

I was taken by my grandfather * for a tour up

[*When his grandfather afterwards heard that the young Lockhart had become a Catholic, he took the matter very philosophically, saying, "Well, young men take odd courses, now-a-days; he might have taken to the turf."

His two great-aunts, however, who lived in a villa on the Forth, opposite Edinburgh, were much alarmed, and said the lad had best not come to see them, as they supposed, from their recollection of monks and friars abroad, he would now go

the Rhine. We landed at Antwerp. This was the first time I had seen a Catholic Cathedral and Catholic worship. I saw there crowds of people on their knees. I had never seen anything like it before. I had all my life been used to go to church on Sundays, and to hear prayers and sermons read, and hymns sung, and after Confirmation by the Bishop, I had at stated times remained to receive bread and wine which was called the Lord's Supper, or the Sacrament, but the idea of worship, of intense adoration, or of Sacrifice, never had entered into my mind. But here I saw the people in their thousands at Antwerp, and afterwards at Aix-la-Chapelle and at Cologne Cathedrals, at five o'clock in the morning, on week-days, before going to their work, men and women kneeling on the pavements in those vast churches, without seats, kneeling benches or hassocks, in silent prayer.

But I viewed all this only with wonder at its strangeness, as sight-seers do, just looking into the churches and coming out, with the feeling that I did not know what to make of it, and that, in what they were doing, I had no part or lot; much as one might feel if one entered a Turkish Mosque or a Buddhist Temple.

We arrived at Baden-Baden on a Saturday

barefooted, and with a shaved crown. One of these was a Miss Christina Henderson; the other, her sister, had married a son of the orator Curran, by whom she was left a widow. To the end of their lives they would never travel by rail, but came up to London every year in a large yellow carriage.]

evening. On the Sunday morning I went out for a stroll in the town, and turned into a Church. It was large and full of people. In the distance were some mysterious-looking figures, vested in brilliant gold and red damask vestments, moving about on an elevated platform, in front of an Altar, which was illuminated with many lighted candles.

It was the first time I had ever seen a Catholic Altar, and priests clad in sacred vestments, like the Jewish priesthood of old, of which I had seen pictures. But I was reminded of the only Church ceremony I had ever witnessed, that of the Queen's Coronation, a year before, in Westminster Abbey, at which I had been present.* Then I remembered I had seen something like this.

A magnificent altar, with candlesticks of gold, and covered with gold plate, and the Archbishop and others vested in gorgeous copes, but I thought of it only as a part of the grand pageant of a coronation, like the Peers and Peeresses, in their magnificent crimson and ermine robes, putting on their coronets when the Archbishop placed the crown on the head of the youthful sovereign.

But my attention was now arrested by the present scene, which I watched with curious wonder. I had

[* What Father Lockhart really witnessed at Westminster Abbey was the coronation of William IV., when he went in the suite of the Marquess Antonio de Riario Sforza, Secretary to the Neapolitan legation in London, who had married his father's sister Isabella, and at whose house he was then staying.]

not a notion what it all meant. The idea of Sacrifice, which is the essence of Catholic worship, had never entered into my head, except in connection with the Mosaic ritual—I had never heard of any Sacrifice in the Christian Church—or of anything like the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence.

As I gazed upon the spectacle, with the eyes of the body only, suddenly I saw clouds of incense rising up from before the altar. Then all that vast assembly fell upon their knees, the music ceased, there was dead silence throughout the church, broken only by the sound of the wind outside, by the tinkling of silver bells at the altar, and the solemn booming of the great church bell.

I never before had felt what worship was. I could not keep from falling on my knees with that vast multitude, and a feeling came over me which I still feel, and which I now know is the feeling which faith gives of the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

But of this I then knew nothing. A year or two later at Oxford, under the teaching of the new school, of which Newman was the head, it had grown into a reasoned, reflected conviction of the doctrine of the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Sacrament.

As I knelt in the church, I only felt thrilled through and through, under a sense of the presence of God, and words of Holy Scripture flashed into my mind almost as if a living voice had spoken

them, 'Truly God is in this place, and I knew it not.'

I think my feeling was rather akin to that of the Patriarchs of old, in contact with the *Theophanies* of the Old Testament, of Abraham, Jacob and Moses, when they bowed themselves to the earth under an overwhelming sense of what we may call a localised Presence of God, guaranteed by the visible manifestation of Angels.

The action of God on my soul was, so far as I can see, purely intellectual, with a something * in the imaginative faculty that was acted on by God, and which arrested my attention to a light that was in my intelligence.

It was indeed a preparation for faith, and, as I believe, was supernatural, not to say miraculous. I do not think it made me better, more religious at the time, or less frivolous, to use a very minimising expression. The angels of darkness and of light remember, and make me remember, Baden.

I returned to England, and went to Oxford to begin my studies. I did not get into a good set in my College, but into one of idle, hunting, boating men, who lived on the same staircase with me.

* The imaginative faculty is acted on by the senses and memories of sensations, but the images of the imagination can be produced not only by a man's spirit, which is one of the sources of delusion, but by the evil spirits, another source of delusion, or by God through the agency of good spirits. People are apt to think of imagination and delusion as if they were the same thing. "We must try the Spirits whether they be of God."

There was not much drinking, but the general moral tone was as low as that of the general tone of men's society at that day. It was considered by cultivated gentlemen *bad form* to talk impurely, or against religion and morality, but there was a certain understanding among middle-aged men, fathers of families, clergymen, that we must not be too hard on the young; they had been young themselves; all youths 'must sow their wild oats.' They must learn to be wiser by experience, as their elders had done, and they would turn out as well as old squires and reverend seniors felt complacently they had themselves done.

In my second year, my better self revived. I got free of my earlier companions, and got better ones. I began to frequent Newman's sermons at St. Mary's. These made a profound impression on me, and were the turning point in my moral and intellectual life.

I must mention one more of those lights from God, of which I have spoken.

I was studying for Orders, and had just taken my B.A. degree. I was reading the history of the early heresies, and especially Newman's *History of the Arians.*

I was walking by myself outside Oxford. I stood on a high ground near Littlemore, from whence I looked down on all the spires and domes and towers of Oxford, as they lay embosomed in trees.

I was thinking over the Arian Controversy,

'One in substance with the Father' of Catholics, 'Like in substance with the Father' of the Arians, and the thought came to me, 'Who is like to God' unless He be God? and if He is God, He is One in Substance with the Father, God of God, not a creature, but the Creator, by whom all things were made.'

And flashing into my mind came the question, What is the meaning of those old towers and spires, of all the towers and spires that cut the horizon in every wide extent of open country in England? The answer came: They mark where a Church lies hid, and every Church of the olden time was built as a tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament, because they believed that Christ was in the Blessed Sacrament, and that Christ is the Incarnate God.

The impression made on my soul at Baden, three years before, was here renewed again and completed. I felt it was another manifestation of God given to my soul, and the fresh feeling of that impression has never left me.

After these personal reminiscences, which, as the author says in a note, are strictly autobiographical, but few incidents of his youth can be gathered from the occasional remarks he made in conversation. From these, however, it would appear that the young William Lockhart was educated for four or five years in a master's house at the Bedford Grammar School, which he left on the death of his

father, when about twelve years of age. Here, as he was fond of narrating, the Eton Latin Grammar would never have been learnt by him, had it not been for the frequent birchings he received. He was afterwards prepared for the University by several private tutors in succession; one living in Hampshire, and the last to whom he went a curate in Berkshire, about ten miles from his father's village. This was the Rev. Frederick Cox. Here, as at Bedford, he was caned every day, and he was fond of expressing his gratitude for the infliction, as otherwise he would certainly never have learnt either his multiplication tables or his Greek verbs. He preferred spending the two hours after supper reading novels to the labour of preparing his lessons, and when morning came, and he was found not to know his lessons, he accepted the inevitable punishment as an alternative of his own choice. So much he narrated to astonished Italians, last winter in Rome, a few months before his death.

At length, in the autumn of 1838, when about nineteen years of age, William Lockhart went up to Oxford, and entered Exeter College as a commoner, where he had already matriculated, on May 17th. A young friend of his, Edward Douglas,*

* In after years, Fr. Lockhart often used to joke with Fr. Douglas, the venerable Superior of the Redemptorists in Rome, about the ball they attended once at Sevenoaks, and the large flowered waistcoat which the latter wore. Last

whom he used to visit at his mother's house near Sevenoaks, had gone to the University a few months before, and at his first meeting Douglas in his rooms at Christ Church, he made the acquaintance of two undergraduates, Scott-Murray, of Danesfield, and John Ruskin, the poet. The former of these, like himself, of an old Jacobite family, became his fast friend; and another inseparable companion of his was Johnstone, now Father Ignatius, Grant, a well-known Jesuit priest, then an undergraduate at St. John's College.

Fr. Grant, S.J., has kindly written for this memoir the following reminiscences of Fr. Lockhart's life at Oxford :—

"Lockhart was exceedingly particular about his scholastic toggery, and so was I. He was considered one of the best dressed men in Oxford. His fine figure and lovely countenance made him more conspicuous even than his quiet gentlemanly dress. There was only one greater 'glass of fashion' than he, and that was our late Dominican Father Trenow, of St. John's—no. xi., in our St. John's boat.

"About his undergraduate's gown I know; for I have my own bill of Fisk by me at this moment, and we ordered ours together. He had a big

time they met, in February, 1892, the two aged Fathers had a preliminary laugh over the ball and the gay waistcoat.

loathing for untidy undergraduates. Fr. John Wynne of All Souls', now S.J.; Fr. Anderdon, S.J., of University; and George Bagot of Exeter College, all followed suit. At Lockhart's wine parties, in the room with the oriel window, against Exeter College gateway, all were remarkable for being 'correct' men. John Brande Morris, who lived over him, with a noisy and odious turning-machine, was never invited to our very select wine parties, on account of his 'air farouche,' and his unpresentable appearance.

"I enclose for your perusal and use, if so be, these three old letters,—yellow with age,—of Fr. Christopher Biden (in religion S.J., Fr. Xavier Biden). His father was paymaster of the Forces in Bombay. He was an old chum of mine in my father's old parish, St. Pancras, London, and afterwards at St. John Baptist's Church, Kentish Town. He helped to convert me. I really think that these letters helped him and Lockhart on materially towards inquiry, conviction, and conversion. Xavier Biden's letters were all taken to Christ-church, and read by Dr. Pusey. Lockhart assured me that Pusey was much struck with them, as presenting a true account of the pure, good life of our novices, S.J., many of them of the best and noblest Catholic families of Belgium, and most of them either from the University of Louvain, of Leyden, or Leipsic, or the principal Colleges of ours—St. Barbe de Gand, or St. Michel de Bruxelles. He

returned one of them to me (*which*, I cannot say now) with these words:—'My dear Grant,—*That* letter has done *for me*.'

"One fact—I cannot resist—it is so characteristic of the dear fellow: When I was staying, during one long vacation, with his mother, sister Bessie, and himself, in the 'Pallant,' Chichester, we had access—through the Chandlers and Murray Holland of New College—to the cathedral, at all hours. We investigated every corner—the portraits of St. Richard—down to the last Bishop. Then we ascended, by the old rood-loft stair, to the triforium. This is intersected at each arch by pillars of Purbeck marble. We looked down into the depth of the nave, when suddenly Lockhart, who was in advance of me, distinctly said: 'Eripe me Domine ab homine malo!' When we got back to the Pallant and into my room, I asked him what had caused him to utter that ejaculation. 'Well, Grant, I will tell you. I felt dizzy, and had the strongest temptation to throw myself down into the nave, and so end all doubts.' I requested him then to kneel down with me. He did so. I took out 'The Garden of the Soul,' opened it at the long Litanies of the Saints, and began. When I reached the words: 'Omnes Sancti Apostoli et Evangelistæ, orate pro nobis,' I felt that he might have some scruple about the other saints, so I dropped on to 'Peccatores.' 'No, no,' said Lockhart; 'let us have the whole

Litany. Don't let us shirk any. If *one* is right, *all* the rest are right.' I then went on, or back to 'Omnes Sancti Discipuli Domini,' &c., on to the end—(you see how he had begun to realize Catholic Authority, even at this time). I said to myself: 'You will be a Catholic.' As to myself—for I am impulsive—I had already made up my mind to take Communion for the last time in my father's church of St. Pancras, and then pay my small debts at Oxford, after Christmas day of 1841; and go to Louvain, after my reception into the true fold. All which I did: confessed to the Abbé Faict (now Bishop of Bruges), and was received on St. Ignatius the Martyr, and baptized, 1842. This fact will show you how we both reciprocally acted on each other. I saw that *he* would delay, for he was thoughtful and careful and conscientious. As to myself, one phrase of dear Newman had so fixed itself in my mind that I made the plunge without consulting any living soul:—'Faith is a venture, but is rewarded by certainty.'

"Once more: I relate to you what took place on St. Andrew's Day, 1841. There was always a great Scotch dinner at the Union Rooms, kept by James Wyatt, the Printseller, High-street. We were asked to come by Scott Murray, President. We went; all the others in kilt, spurs, and as many cairngorms as they could stick on. Lockhart and I were in plain evening dress.

"The dinner was as Scotch as it could possibly

be made: Oyster soup, Haggis de rigueur, collops of mutton, &c.; 'cockie-leeky,' of course. The cloth being removed, the Jacobite songs, toasts, and sentiments came. We were all at that time under the spell of—Charles I., of Laud, Juxton, and Charles Edward. Whenever a great Royal or loyal toast was proposed, all rose and stood on their chairs, placing their right foot on the edge of the table.

"Mr. Scott Murray, gentleman commoner, with silk gown and velvet cap, announced each toast or sentiment, in its turn, from a paper.

"Lockhart had inscribed his name for 'The Scotch Episcopal Church.' There was a dead silence, because it was evident that many at table were of Presbyterian families. Scott Murray asked therefore: 'Mr. Lockhart, how would you desire that this toast should be drunk?' Lockhart showed then his ready wit, his adroitness, collectedness, and gentlemanly appreciation of the position by saying: 'Since the Episcopal Church of Scotland is a Church in affliction and obloquy, I propose that the health be drunk with dumb cheers.' So the difficulty was eased off, and we all reseated ourselves with contentment and satisfaction.

"Now comes a curious fact, which also shows how far Lockhart was advanced even before the crucial question to Newman at Littlemore, when he went to confession to him, 1843. 'Can you absolve me?'—Newman: 'Ask Pusey.'

"After the dinner, as we had imbibed a good deal of Scotch whiskey and not a few 'Willie-waughs,' as they say, we walked round the Parks three or four times before returning to College. Lockhart said to me: 'I am in a state now in which I might be drawn into any wickedness. I shall go to confession to William Sewell, of Exeter, to-morrow, and make some atonement, if I can.' (William Sewell was Professor of Moral Philosophy, and Senior Tutor at Exeter College.) This he did, as he informed me on the next day, and with this result:—'I asked Sewell to hear my confession.' He said: 'What for?'—'Well, I committed some excess, yesterday, at the Scotch dinner, and feel that I am in mortal sin!—'What a preposterous demand! But—but—but I can do you no good,' said Sewell; 'but—I recommend you to go into my bedroom and take a dose of Epsom salts: you will find the box on my dressing-table.'—'I came away from that ass at once,' said Lockhart: 'I asked my father for bread, and he gave me a stone. I asked for fish,—he gave me a scorpion.'

"This was the second occasion on which I perceived that Lockhart was far gone, and that he meant business. I was quite content, for I felt that he would follow in due time, but I did not reveal to him my fixed determination at that time. I had worked out the problem for myself, and had already put up a large Madonna and Child in my room window, in painted glass,—a picture now in

Stonyhurst College, near the Church, of Rafael's Sistine Madonna.* This was my open and first profession of Faith in St. John's, Oxford. I was denounced to Dr. Winter, the President, for it, and then the end came. All was easy: I took leave of Lancelot Sharpe, my tutor; of James Hessey, my coach in Logic (since Archdeacon of Middlesex, and once my father's Curate at Kentish Town); and last of all, I took leave of Wilson, the Bursar of St. John's. I took my name off the books, and he, with true gentlemanly courtesy, wrote me a cheque for £60—guineas—my caution money, and with this small sum, I began Catholic life, and passed over to Bruges and to Tronchiennes, after receiving four Sacraments in one day: Public Baptism (conditional), then Absolution, then Holy

* The large engravings of the Annunciation and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in handsome oak frames, which hang in the entrance hall of the tower at Ratcliffe College, formerly adorned Father Lockhart's rooms at Oxford, and were given him by his mother. The frames were originally gilt, but being thought by Fr. Pagani too showy for a Religious house, were by his orders painted black, and very likely by Bro. Lockhart's own hands, as he is known to have helped in painting the tabernacle, etc., in the Oratory, before it was opened in 1844. The engravings are mounted on canvas, and are 22 inches long by 18 inches high. They have each an old label at the back, of Wyatt and Son, High Street, Oxford. Unfortunately, all other indications of what they are copied from are wanting, the margins having been cut away; but they are evidently after old Italian masters.

Communion, and Confirmation from Bishop Boone of Bruges.

"As I know more of Lockhart's approach to the Church than of his life in it, and in his Order, I desire to add a fact or two, *coronidis loco*, which not only show 'the trials of a mind in search of the Truth,' but also the consistent manliness, sense of his own responsibility to God and to man, only in a degree, crowned by the end of a consistent, and manly, and holy life.

"When I resided, during one long vacation, with the Lockharts at Rocklands on the East cliff, Hastings, and afterwards in Lent at Chichester, I found quite unmistakable signs of their progress towards Catholicism, through their High Church teachings and proclivities; *e.g.*, we all four of us of course read Keble's *Christian Year*, as if it were a duty, or 'officium,' which explained in verse, the drift and gist of the Church services.

"Each Sunday we had what was called the Sunday Puzzle, viz., to find out the meaning of Keble's ode for that day.

"Then, as fasting was clearly prescribed by the Anglican 'Ordo,' we were all pulled up with a jerk, when Lent came:—how to fast?

"I wonder that all four—mother, sister, son and I—did not virtually commit suicide from our mode of mortification, until Mrs. Lockhart had the good thought of writing to Frederic Oakeley—then Rector of Margaret Street Chapel, Cavendish Square.

His answer was, 'You ask me what to do, and how to fast?' wrote he,—'I have myself been perplexed, as also have Mr. Hope Scott, Mr. Nathaniel Goldsmidt, Theophilus Hood, Sergeant Bellasis, and many others of my congregation. I have given to them what I send to you: it is the method which I follow myself, and which you can also, for it contains a practical, commonsense way of fasting, proved to be feasible and not noxious to health by the Catholic Church. I enclose the Lenten Pastoral of Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths, Vic. Apostolic of this district. Cheese, butter, dripping and lard—as you see! So we all, yet being Anglicans, followed out the Lenten practice (without dispensation) of the Roman Church, 1841.'

"You will yourself have noticed how entirely real, thorough, and down-right Lockhart was. So, whilst really he was practising at Hastings severe asceticism, he had a profound dislike to self-indulgence in Protestant clergy whom he fell in with. One instance among many may suffice. The Rev. T. Foister was Incumbent of All Saints, Hastings. We called on him; he was in the act of dipping a splendid ripe strawberry, with a silver table-spoon full of cream and sugar, and of thus imbibing celestial mouthfuls of the mixture. A whole pile of fresh strawberries and a pint of cream were ready on the table for the Rector's lonely luncheon. 'What an unchastised-looking man,' said Lockhart to me as we beat our retreat. Unchastised was

precisely the sort of character he most avoided. *Unchastised* was a favourite word with us after that."

Other friends the young Lockhart made while an undergraduate at Oxford were William White, afterwards English ambassador at Constantinople, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, and his brother. The Blunts were his neighbours at Lymsfield, near Chichester, and their father, Scawen Blunt, had married a daughter of Dean Chandler of Chichester, an *intimée* of Mrs. Lockhart. In after years at Rome, Fr. Lockhart saw a good deal of the poet Wilfrid S. Blunt, who had meanwhile married a daughter of the Earl of Lovelace, and grand-daughter of the poet Byron. Needless to say, Fr. Lockhart was a political sympathiser with them both. J. B. Dalgairns, J. R. Hope, Q.C., and others, were also among the number of his more intimate friends; but it was his custom in after life hardly ever to speak of his well-placed friends and of his family connections. When asked, he always liked to avoid the subject.

Most of the young Lockhart's time, during his first years at Oxford, was spent in skiffing by himself on the river in a two-oared boat. He also bought a pair of top boots, and rode to hounds once or twice; but fox-hunting soon proved a greater luxury than he could well afford. It was only during his last year at Oxford, when he began

to work for his examination, that, as he afterwards said, he applied himself much to reading. He soon however grew more serious.

In the last article which Father Lockhart wrote, devoted to recollections of Cardinal Manning's Anglican days, for insertion in the *Dublin Review*, speaking of the former Archdeacon of Chichester, he says:

"The first time I remember to have heard his name was in 1839, when I first went to Oxford. The *Oxford Tracts* and other publications of Newman, Pusey, Keble, and, on the other hand, of the Catholicising school at Oxford, had been read by my mother and sister from the beginning, and they became what would then have been called very High Church. I did not care about such studies, and went to the University resolved to keep clear of Tractarianism; and so I did for my first year. My mother, who was staying at Hastings, had made up her mind to take a house at Chichester in order to be near the cathedral, and to be able to attend daily, morning and evening, the choral services. I went over to Chichester to find her a house.* When she went there to reside,

[* Mrs. Lockhart had two sisters, a Miss Jacob, and a Mrs. Russell, at that time a widow, who first lived together at Clevedon in Somersetshire, until the latter removed to Clifton for her health. When Mrs. Lockhart thought of leaving Hastings to go and live at Chichester in order to attend the Cathedral services, and out of esteem for so religious a man as Manning,

Archdeacon Manning called on her, and from that time he became an intimate friend, often calling when the business of his office brought him into the cathedral city.

"I remember on the first vacation from Oxford that I spent at Chichester seeing the Archdeacon for the first time—his grand head, bald even then, his dignified figure in his long white surplice, occupying the Archdeacon's stall in the cathedral. His face was to me the first dim revelation of the meaning of the supernatural in man. I have never forgotten it. I see him as vividly now in my mind's eye as when I first beheld him. I think it was the beginning of reflected thought in my soul. Somehow after one of these mysterious links of thought, which come from God's providential guidance, I at once connected his face with one of those old Churchmen of Catholic times that I had seen on the stained glass windows, and in the portraits of the whole line of Catholic Bishops painted in long order on the walls of the south transept of the cathedral. They began, I think, with St. Richard of Chichester, and ended with the last Catholic Bishop in the reign of Mary Tudor.

"I suppose this in part led me for the first time to take some interest in the studies of my mother and

she asked the advice of her two sisters, who answered her very gravely, "We do not think it right that a young and attractive widow should go to live so near an engaging widower."]

sister. I read *Froude's Remains*, and Faber's *Foreign Churches and Peoples*. This opened to me entirely a new view of Christianity. Hitherto I had, without reflection, really thought that Catholics were not, properly speaking, Christians. I supposed that Protestantism was the same as the primitive Christianity . . . .

"But, in fact, I had never reflected on religious questions, or even spoken on them with a Catholic. When once I had discovered, from reading Froude and Faber, that the Catholic Church was Christian, and was the old Christianity of England, a great reaction took place in my mind, and I reflected a good deal on the matter."

When his second Oxford vacation came, on the young undergraduate's return home, his mother, seeing his state of mind, was greatly distressed, and begged him to see Archdeacon Manning. Early one morning, therefore, he mounted the large horse his mother kept for her country carriage, and rode from Chichester over the Sussex Downs, a distance of some eight or ten miles, to pay a visit to the Archdeacon in his Rectory at Lavington. "When I began to talk with the Archdeacon," wrote Fr. Lockhart in the *Dublin Review* for April, 1892, "I felt overawed. I could not put my doubts into any form which could bear his penetrating eye;—so we did not go into controversy. He wanted me to go back to Oxford to take my degree, and then become a

clergyman. He advised me to seek hard work among the poor and ignorant in some one of our great cities. Dean Hook, and others more advanced than he, at the new Church of St. Saviour's, Leeds, founded by Dr. Pusey, were, it was said, doing a great work there. What could be better for me than to join them? So I should be doing the work of God and should know of the doctrine that it was of God. It was good advice, so I felt, and I resolved to ponder it. Just at this point a visitor arrived, one of name and position in the political world and a member of Parliament, so I had no more conversation with the Archdeacon. I dined with him—a very frugal meal—cold boiled beef. I remember it was hard. I remember nothing else except that he seemed to be without servant, for an untidy old woman was doing duty in the kitchen. Seeing he was engaged with his visitor, I retired to my room, and I heard them talking in the room below me—the library—until the small hours after midnight. Early the next day I rode back over hills to my home, and my friends were greatly comforted by my comparatively composed state of mind."

When Archdeacon Manning came up to Oxford to preach in his turn the University Sermon, he advised the young undergraduate, either then or soon after, to accept a kind offer he had received from Newman to go and stay with him at Littlemore, and prepare for ordination. He was then working hard for his

degree, and he soon after passed his final examination and took his B.A.

"We had now arrived at the year 1842," continues Fr. Lockhart elsewhere, "when we took up residence with Newman at Littlemore. Father Dalgairns and myself were the first inmates. It was a kind of monastic life of retirement, prayer and study. We had a sincere desire to remain in the Church of England, if we could be satisfied that in doing so we were members of the world-wide visible communion of Christianity which was of Apostolic origin. We spent our time at Littlemore in study, prayer and fasting. We rose at midnight to recite the Breviary Office, consoling ourselves with the thought that we were united in prayer with united Christendom, and were using the very words used by the Saints of all ages. We fasted according to the practice recommended in Holy Scripture, and practised in the most austere religious orders of Eastern and Western Christendom. We never broke our fast, except on Sundays and the Great Festivals, before twelve o'clock, and not until five o'clock in the Advent and Lenten Seasons."*

One day the little community received a visit from Father Sisk, before he joined the Cister-

* Of the semi-monastic community at Littlemore, there are now only three surviving members—Father Stanton, of the Brompton Oratory; Father Bowles, of Harrow; and the present Regius Professor of History at Oxford, J. A. Froude.

cian Order, and it was Lockhart's place to show him over the house. In passing through the refectory his visitor noticed the wooden spoons, and in response to an invitation then given, the young Lockhart, it is thought, called on and spoke with the Catholic priest in his house at Chelsea, when next he went up to London. Another priest he had met at Oxford was Father Gentili, of the Order of Charity, with whom he had spent a few hours in general company. Sometime before this, his friend, J. Grant, gave Lockhart Milner's *End of Religious Controversy*. The young Grant had received it from a priest in London, and soon after (in 1841) became a Catholic. Lockhart read the book, and for the first time realised what Catholic doctrine was, and that "in the Church of England Prayer Book the whole doctrine of the power of absolution conferred by Christ on the priesthood was plainly set down in the *Ordination Service*, and that the practice of auricular confession in order to obtain absolution, was set forth in the *Office for the Visitation of the Sick*." When Grant joined the Jesuits, he sent his old companion the letters referred to above on the calm, pure life of the young novices, which Lockhart showed to Dr. Pusey, who professed to be delighted with them. A revolution was thereby effected in Lockhart's mind, but still he hesitated. He, like others, was under the sway of Newman's learning and his conscientiousness, and for his sake was wishful of remaining in the Church of England as long as he honestly could.

The sequel shall be told by himself in the account he sent to Mr. W. Ward, for insertion in the projected Life of his Father :—

"When I had been a very few weeks at Littlemore," Father Lockhart writes, "I found my doubts about the claims of the Church of England becoming so strong, that I told 'Newman' that I did not see how I could go on. I doubted the orders, and still more the jurisdiction of the Church of England, and could feel no certainty of absolution. If I remember clearly, I said to Newman, 'But are you sure you can give absolution?' To which I think his reply was, 'Why do you ask me?—ask Pusey.' He came to me a little later and said, 'I see you are in such a state that your being here would not fulfil the end of the place. You must agree to stay here three years, or go at once.' I said, 'I do not see how I can promise to stay three years. Unless I am convinced that I am safe in staying, I cannot do it. And if I went, I do not feel that I know enough to make my submission to Rome, when so many better and more learned men do not see their way to do so.' He said, 'Will you go and have a talk with Ward?' I assented, and I think the next day I had a talk for three hours, round and round the parks. In the end, I felt unconvinced and mystified; yet one thing your father put very strongly to me, that I knew enough of myself, to know that I

ought to distrust my own judgment; that I knew little of religion and practised less,—in fact, that my conscience was not in such a state that I could have any confidence that my intellect would not be warped in any judgment so momentous, involving all manner of moral and intellectual questions, etc. He had just brought out [some articles in the *British Critic*] in which . . . he laid great stress on the necessity of conscience being clear in order to a right intellectual judgment on religious questions. In the end, I went back to Newman, and told him (as I learned afterwards to his surprise) that I had made up my mind to stay three years before taking any step Romewards.

"I meant it, but I could not stay more than a year. What brought matters to a crisis was my meeting Fr. Gentili at your father's rooms with Mr. and Mrs. de Lisle. When the summer came, I went to take my mother and sister into Norfolk, and then to make a short tour to see the places in Lincolnshire connected with the life of St. Gilbert of Sempringham, which I was writing. I thence went to Loughborough,* where I saw Fr. Gentili.

[* When Dr. John Bloxam of Magdalen was going on a visit to Mr. Ambrose Phillipps at Gracedieu, in August, 1843, he met young Lockhart on his way to Loughborough, and on asking him whither he was going, received for answer, "To see some sites in the neighbourhood." A few days after his return to Oxford, Bloxam met Dalgairns, and on asking the latter, "What has become of Lockhart?" received no answer, but a look such that his interrogator knew immediately

He saw I was in a miserable state of perplexed conscience, feeling that nothing bound me back from Rome but my promise to Newman. By his advice, I made a three days' retreat, which ended in my making my confession, being received into the Church, and three days after, entering as a postulant into Rosmini's Order." (W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement, c. ix., p. 210.)

When W. Lockhart went to Loughborough, he had intended staying there only a few hours; but he was so impressed with what Fr. Gentili said to him, during the visit he paid him at the presbytery in Ashby-road, that he left the inn where he had alighted, and came to make a short retreat under his roof. The result was, that he was conditionally baptized and received into the Catholic Church

what had happened, and both parted sadly, in silence. A little before that time, when Bloxam was proctor for the year, he had seen Lockhart and J. Grant, both undergraduates, enter the Catholic Chapel of St. Clement's, and he summoned them both to his rooms in order to severely reprimand them; and he well remembered, as he once recounted the scene to the present writer at Beeding Priory, in 1884, the consternation that fell on their faces and their trembling attitude. They promised never to go again, for, as Bloxam then said, they would both have certainly been sent down "had not all their other conduct been irreproachable." However, at the end of the autumn term, 1840, Bloxam sent his "Bull dogs" to track and watch them up to London, and on the two getting out at Reading, to visit Pugin's new Catholic Chapel in the Abbey grounds, they were denounced accordingly.]

after two or three days, August 26th, 1843,* and on the following day was admitted to first probation in the Institute of Charity, and having satisfied himself that he had a vocation, he entered the noviciate on August 29th. On April 7th, in the following year, he made his preparatory vows, and on September 8th, 1845, his solemn profession: but much happened in the interval.

After Fr. Lockhart had been two months at Loughborough, his health completely broke down. The hard life he had led at Littlemore, with the self-inflicted penances, which, unknown to his director, he had indiscreetly indulged in during the first fervour of his life as a Catholic, had brought on such a state of anæmia, that, as the Doctor declared, rest and change of life were required immediately if he would save himself from fatal consequences. Fr. Gentili now, for the first time, saw the gravity of the situation, for the wan and wasted form of his young novice, so like his own, had hitherto made no great impression on him.

Meanwhile, during the retreat which decided his conversion and vocation, his Aunt Isabella, his father's sister, who had married the Neapolitan marquess, had gone to stay at the Scotch seat of the Hendersons at Fordel with her cousin Lady

* When Newman heard of his defection, he composed and preached his celebrated sermon, entitled "The Parting of Friends," in which Orpah, who left him, was Lockhart, and Ruth, who clave unto him, Dalgairns.

Durham, the only daughter of her uncle, Sir John Henderson, Bart., who was married to Admiral Sir Philip Durham. Here the Marchioness wrote to tell her nephew to come to Scotland, as his relatives wished him "to choose the manner and details of his own installation as incumbent at the new rectory of the Fordel estate." The year before, Lady Durham had already invited her cousin Lockhart to come north and assist her and the Riario-Sforzas in arranging a grand reception for the Duc de Bordeaux, grandson of King Charles X., at Fordel. William had written from Littlemore, that he was there in a retreat, preparing to become a good clergyman. So Lady Durham, hearing her cousin was so near his ordination, determined to leave open for him a rectory of her own presentation, as she very naturally wished to have her cousin for minister rather than a stranger. She also began building and improving the house, and she told the young Lockhart to come and see what he would like best for the embellishment of the home she hoped he would accept after ordination.

The letter of August, 1843, was written by his Aunt Isabella in Lady Durham's name. This letter reached him the last day of the retreat after the abjuration, and he answered, it was useless, for he was a Catholic and meant to be a Religious. Fr. Lockhart's aunt Isabella, who had been a Catholic for some years, and her daughters, were all delighted with his conversion, but all the rest of the family

were furious. Hence, from that time, Fr. Lockhart remained in correspondence only with the Italian branch of his family, though he well knew that Lady Durham, having no children, and no male heir, had intended leaving all her property to him, he being grandson of her aunt Elizabeth Henderson, the wife of Admiral W. Lockhart, the father of the Rev. Alexander Lockhart, Rector of Stone and Hartwell.

When the young novice wrote to his aunt Isabella, how utterly his health was shattered, she drove over directly to her aunts, one an old maid and the other a widow, Miss Henderson and Mrs. Curran, and told them of the fact. These sisters of Elizabeth Henderson, William's grandmother, were much attached to their grand-nephew, and when they first heard of his conversion, they were in despair, "for his damnation in the other world, and the loss of *beauty*, *happiness*, *family*, in this world, *all by* the unaccountable madness of becoming a Catholic." So they wrote on first impulse; but as they loved and liked him much, they quickly forgot every prejudice, and wrote to him to come and stay with them directly. They lived on a beautiful part of the sea-coast at Aberdower, near Edinburgh, and they took such loving care of him that he soon recovered strength and colour. As mother and son had, by Archdeacon Manning's orders, ceased to correspond, the Marchioness wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lockhart, telling her all

that had been done for her son William's health, and how ill he had been when he first arrived in Scotland. Mrs. Lockhart, in spite of Manning's objurgations, forbidding her to receive her son again into her house, "if she valued her salvation," then wrote to her son, saying all was forgotten, and that he was to come to her as soon as possible. It was on his arrival at home that his mother wrote a letter of the warmest thanks to her Scotch relatives, saying she found her son "more loving and perfect than before." William, before beginning his noviciate, had written to his mother from Loughborough, proposing to pay her a visit in September, but she refused, both she and his sister Bessie being, at that time, so much under the archdeacon's influence, that they dared not enter into any communication with him.

These various visits took up the autumn and winter of that year, so that it was quite early spring in 1844, when the novice returned to Loughborough. The dowager Lady Mary Arundell, aunt of his father's life-long friend, then Duke of Buckingham, was at that time living in the town, and it is characteristic of Fr. Lockhart that when this great friend of the Order of his adoption showed an inclination, as was her wont, to notice and patronize him, he invariably fought shy of her, and kept himself in the background.*

* The Princess di Cassano writes: "The intimacy of the Reverend Alexander Lockhart with the Duke of Buckingham

On June 14th, 1844, when the foundations of the first house of the Order in England were just rising above ground, FF. Hutton and Furlong, recently returned from Italy, Fr. Rinolfi and Bro. Lockhart, all went over together to Ratcliffe, in order to show the new building and the site to the Earl of Shrewsbury, who drove over from Gracedieu to meet them. The pious Earl was such a munificent patron to Catholic establishments in the Midland District, then ruled over by Bishops Walsh and Wiseman, that it is not likely he failed to contribute something to the building fund of the future college. In September of that year, we find FF. Gentili and Furlong preaching a mission at Alton Towers. In 1849 the Earl of Shrewsbury pressed our Fathers very much to undertake the charge of the new church he had built at Cheadle, and on May 29th of that year, Fr. Pagani went to see the mission, but was unable to accept it. In the early part of 1847, FF. Furlong and Gentili had preached a mission at Cheadle and Alton Towers.

Lady Arundell, by a substantial donation, became the foundress of Loughborough Convent, while she was the cause of my grandmother's marriage. It was at a dinner at the Buckinghams' in London that Isabella Lockhart, who was invited with her brother, met my grandfather, the Marquess de Riario Sforza. When Father Lockhart was a novice at Loughborough, he often saw Lady Mary Arundell, who liked Alexander his father, and had then bestowed the same sympathy on his son William Lockhart, the more so when he became a Catholic and a Rosminian."

left Ratcliffe College, in the persons of Fathers Hutton and Furlong, her residuary legatee.

In November, 1844, Bro. Lockhart formed one of the new community at Calvary House, Ratcliffe, and not many months after he assisted at the interment of his friend, Lady Arundell, within the cloister walls, June, 1845. On that occasion her brother Lord Nugent, was the chief mourner, and he also paid a visit to Ratcliffe in the following October to see his sister's grave, and stayed the night.

In the following year, 1846, the Sisters at Loughborough found another friend in Mrs. Lockhart, the mother of Bro. Lockhart, who had meanwhile been professed on the 8th of September, 1845.* She came to the Convent on the 9th of July, for the purpose of being reconciled to Holy Church, and was conditionally baptized by Fr. Pagani the same evening. Presently afterwards she made her solemn profession of faith in the presence of the Sisters, her son assisting in the function. This took place in the little Chapel of the Sisters at Paget House, Woodgate, Loughborough, and Mrs. Lockhart remained with them for three weeks for further religious instruction.

* Immediately before his profession, Bro. Lockhart seems to have been obliged to seek change of air, as in the college diary there is the entry, in Fr. Hutton's handwriting, under August 5th, 1845: "The novice, Mr. Lockhart, returned, happily much improved in health."

On July 14th, Mrs. Lockhart came to see her son at Ratcliffe College, immediately after her reception into the Church, and on the 16th, both went together to Oscott, to pay a visit to Mr. Newman. Mr. Newman had previously paid a most affectionate visit to Brother Lockhart at Ratcliffe, shortly after his own conversion, and he remained two days with the brethren. Several of his old Oxford acquaintances visited Ratcliffe about this time, while Fr. Lockhart was there, as the two young Brydges, who came over with Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, and the celebrated French author, M. Rio (September 25th, 1845); two Littlemore friends, Mr. Bowles, a convert clergyman, and Dalgairns (who stayed from October 30th to November 3rd); Messrs. Newman and St. John (January 5th, 1846), who remained two days; Mr. Le Page Renouf (April 13th); Mr. Spencer Northcote (30th); the convert clergyman Marshall (July 10th), who made a ten days' retreat; Mr. Estcourt (August 29), who stayed two days; the convert Lucas, of the "Tablet," (September 3rd); &c., &c.

At Ratcliffe, the young scholastic's time was divided between prayer, study, and labour.

In after years, Fr. Lockhart used often, when looking up at the towering tops of the forest trees in the old laurel walk at Ratcliffe, to recall to mind how, after planting them, he and Bro. Akeroyd had gone straddlewise over every one of them, up and down the rows, in order that they might say so, *ad futuram rei memoriam.*

On December 19th, 1845, Fr. Provincial Pagani accompanied on their journey from Ratcliffe to Oscott, three young scholastics, D. Cavalli, W. Lockhart, and A. Egan, where the first was ordained priest, the second subdeacon, while the third received the tonsure and four Minor Orders. On the 5th June, 1846, the same party again went from Ratcliffe to Oscott, when each of the three clerics aforesaid was advanced one grade in Holy Orders, the officiating prelate on each occasion being Bishop Wiseman. On December 19th of the same year Bishop Walsh raised Fr. Lockhart to the priesthood in the little upper-chamber Oratory at Ratcliffe College.

According to the Ratcliffe diary, under date September, 1846, we find Bro. Lockhart, as deacon, studying theology under the Provincial, Dr. Pagani, with Fr. Ceroni (who was the *socius* to the novice-master, Fr. Hutton,) his teacher in Rubrics and Gregorian chaunt. Fathers Gentili and Furlong were resident there only as Itinerant Missionaries. From another entry, February 6th, 1847, it would appear that Fr. Lockhart was sent with the other scholastics and novices, each in turn, to Melton Mowbray and to Loughborough, to assist in preaching a mission at both places, as he is mentioned by name at the head of the little band. On June 1st, the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, Fr. Lockhart preached the sermon at the opening of the new Oratory at Ratcliffe, the present

Museum and Library, built by the elder Pugin. The Order of Charity in England then counted only thirty members. A few days later, he was sent on his first mission at Shepshed (5th June, 1847), the newly-appointed Rector there being Fr. Lorraine, Bro. Edwards also going from Ratcliffe as village schoolmaster.

During the several years Fr. Lockhart was stationed at Shepshed, he continued Dr. Gentili's practice of preaching in the open air in the neighbouring villages—Belton, Osgathorpe, Hathern, &c., and on these occasions, Bro. Simone, the Tyrolese laybrother, used to accompany him, carrying all the books he required in a black bag. They would plant themselves on the village green some Sunday afternoon, and when a sufficient number of the country people were gathered round, Fr. Lockhart would begin with some exhortation to a spiritual life, and soon launch forth into controversy, proving his assertions in favour of the Catholic Church from the open pages of the Bible, and the other books he had brought with him for the purpose. Fr. Lockhart was fond, when preaching, of reading his texts from the pages of Holy Writ, and many will remember the table piled up with books which he had by his side when he delivered his Sunday evening controversial lectures in after years at Kingsland, and the open pages of his Bible fastened back with a strong elastic band, from which he used to read long extracts, during the frequent sermons he preached the last few years in Rome.

In 1850, Fr. Lockhart, who had been occasionally employed on the Itinerant Missions in the previous year, was confirmed in this work, and definitively appointed to it, and he preached successfully in various towns of England.

Soon, however, a larger field was opened to his zeal, and the years he spent preaching missions in Ireland are perhaps the most important and fruitful of his priestly career.

In the early spring of 1851, Fr. Lockhart went to Dublin in order to join Fr. Rinolfi in preaching a fortnight's mission in the Church of St. Audeon's, where Dr. Gentili and Fr. Furlong had preached their first Irish Mission in 1848. The next mission they preached together was in St. Malachy's Church, Belfast (April 6th–27th), which was one of the most successful ones, says Fr. Rinolfi, ever preached by the Fathers of Charity, either in England or Ireland, the number of Communions being 10,000. The Orange party here challenged Fr. Lockhart to a public discussion, and the walls of the whole town were covered with their placards. Both the Fathers embarked for Liverpool, but returned to Dublin next year in June, where they gave a long and very successful mission in the Church of SS. Michael and John (June 6th–July 20th, 1852).

Fr. Lockhart then went alone to preach a fortnight's mission in Cushendall, a parish of the Diocese of Down and Connor, which was attended as well by the people of Cushlake and of Glenravel,

and even by inhabitants of the distant counties of Derry and Tyrone (September 19th to October 3rd). Though the parish church was a large and handsome structure, so great was the throng at the concluding service, that it had to be held in the open air. On the feast of St. Michael, was the great fair-day of Cushendall; the market-place was empty, and the fair stood still, while the church was filled to overflowing by the crowds who had come from afar with their merchandise and cattle very early in the morning. Many used to come a distance of twelve miles, and, after waiting at the confessional all day long, receive Holy Communion, fasting so late as seven in the evening.*

* The words of an eye witness, quoted in Fr. Rinolfi's "Missions in Ireland," Dublin, 1855, may here be given:—"The saintly fervour of the missionary soon shed a kindred glow into the bosoms of his hearers; and as the high and holy strain continued day by day, as he proved to them in words of Gospel plainness and simplicity how absolutely they belonged to God, how His Will was the only end of life, and His love their only happiness, they felt that their Divine Master and Lord was speaking to them by the lips of His consecrated servant; grace was shed abroad into all hearts, and tears of love and sorrow flowed from every eye. It was remarked that those who came once to the Mission came always after; miracles of grace occurred daily, and nine adult converts were baptised the second week of the Mission.

"On Rosary Sunday the Mission terminated. At the twelve o'clock Mass, the crowd was so great, that numbers were obliged to hear Mass and sermon at the open doors and windows, and in the sacristy: but in the evening, when the

On November 3rd, the Missionary Fathers, Rinolfi, Lockhart, and Signini, left Rugby in order to preach a mission in the Cathedral Church of Galway. During the space of a month, for which it was prolonged, the missioners were obliged to open Mission was to conclude with the renovation of Baptismal Vows, the throng was so excessive as to occasion fears of accident or panic, and it was found necessary to have the concluding ceremony in the open air, in a large field close to the church. That was a scene and sight worthy of the ages of faith! The church, with its holy cross, clearly defined against the blue sky, formed the background of the picture. On an elevation stood the missionary, surrounded by the parish clergy, whilst the vast hushed multitude filled the field beneath. This holy scene was hid from worldly gaze by the woods and majestic mountains, forming indeed a glorious temple, not made with hands—a temple worthy of the pure worship there offered to Almighty God. Here the Rev. Father preached his farewell discourse, and after reading to the people the holy law of God, and reminding them of their solemn obligation, he demanded of them that if any animosities existed among them, they should from that moment abandon them; and, as one man, they answered that they would. Then, at his word, the innumerable candles were lighted as if simultaneously, and holding them high above their heads, with one heart, and with a voice that made the aged hills re-echo, they renewed their holy vows of baptism. Then came the last blessing and farewell; and if the fervent prayers and heartfelt blessings of a thousand grateful and loving hearts could have repaid the good missionary's arduous labours, he had been then and there repaid. But his image, replete with the beauty of holiness, is enshrined for ever in their faithful hearts, inseparably blending with all good thoughts and heavenward aspirations.

in the evenings two other churches in order to accommodate all who flocked to hear them. At the imposing ceremony of the solemn renewal of baptismal vows, all three churches were crowded to suffocation. Some twenty Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans and parochial clergy were engaged hearing confessions ten or twelve hours a day, a duty in which they sometimes continued long after midnight, without however hearing all who came to them.

In the same year, Fathers Rinolfi and Lockhart were called on to give a second mission as a preparation for gaining the Jubilee in the large and capacious church of St. Audeon, Dublin, which began on December 12th. But at the very commencement of the mission, Fr. Lockhart fell ill, and Fr. Rinolfi was left to conduct it alone. On the 14th of January of next year, Frs. Rinolfi and Lockhart reached Clifden, Connemara, whither they had been called by the Archbishop of Tuam to give a mission. On the second Sunday of the mission, the crowd was so great that all the windows of the church had to be taken out in order that the people within might be able to breathe, and those without to hear the sermons. On the last Sunday of the mission, the church could not contain one third of the flock that had assembled from eight and ten miles around, and the missioners were obliged to preach in the open air.

Needless to say, the missioners met with much

open opposition from the famous Exeter Hall proselytizers in the district, whose bare-faced calumnies Fr. Lockhart triumphantly rebuked. From Galway the missioners proceeded to Newry, diocese of Dromore, where the venerable Bishop had invited them to preach a mission in his Cathedral (February 13th, 1853). On April the 1st, they reached Turmakeady and Partree, where, on the next day, they began the mission which they had promised the Archbishop. Thence they proceeded to the parish of Ross, where they began another mission on April 17th, the closing ceremony being again held in the open air. The missioners next proceeded to the parish of Headford, where they commenced a mission on May 1st, the chapel being filled from an early hour by people who had walked several miles. The close of the mission here took place in the ancient churchyard, where a large platform was erected in the midst of the ruins of the old church of St. Furseus, built it is believed in the sixth century. There, before an Altar erected under the canopy of heaven, a multitude of at least 10,000 persons attended Mass and renewed their baptismal vows, the Archbishop himself presiding in full pontificals. This concluding service was conducted by Fr. Lockhart alone, and on the next day he joined his fellow-labourer, who had already on the same Sunday begun another mission in the Cathedral Church of Tuam. From the diocese of Tuam the missioners proceeded to the diocese of

Elphin, and afterwards to the diocese of Achonry. In the former a mission was commenced at Boyle on May the 26th, by Fr. Rinolfi, Fr. Lockhart being prevented by ill-health from joining him. Fr. Lockhart was, however, able to preach at Boyle two sermons on the Sunday after the mission (June the 12th), where the crowd of people was so great that he had to address them in the open air, both morning and evening. On that same day Fr. Rinolfi began another mission in the adjoining diocese at Ballaghaderrin, in which however Fr. Lockhart's indisposition again prevented him from joining. Here the Communions were reckoned at 1000 on each day in the week, while from 20 to 30 priests were employed during the whole day in hearing confessions.

When the former Anglican Archdeacon, by this time Fr. Manning, went to Rome in November of 1853, he had for his fellow travellers, Fr. Whitty, V.G., of Westminster, and afterwards Provincial of the Jesuits; Herbert Vaughan, the present Archbishop, not then ordained; his own nephew and niece, Mr. and Miss Roberts; and Fr. Lockhart. The humble and zealous recently ordained London priest was returning to Rome in order to continue his studies for three years under Passaglia, while living himself at the *Accademia dei Nobili.* Fr. Lockhart had been ordered by his

superiors to Rome on account of his health, to spend the winter there in the house of the Order.

They went by Paris to Marseilles, and thence by steamboat, by Genoa, and Leghorn, to Cività Vecchia, and thence by carriage to Rome. Before sunset they came within sight of the dome of St. Peter's, and on arriving, all went together to the Minerva Hotel, it being too late to wake up Fr. Bertetti, Procurator of the Order of Charity, who however lived on a top floor close to, near the *Piè di Marmo*. They arrived in Rome for the 4th of November, St. Charles's Day. It was the hottest weather Fr. Lockhart ever remembered. Fr. Manning, when residing at the *Accademia Ecclesiastica* in the Piazza della Minerva, was close to the abode of his old Chichester friend, who stayed with the Procurator-General of his Order. They often had walks together in the Ludovisi gardens, of which Manning had the key, and elsewhere about Rome.

In the early summer of 1854* we find Fr. Lockhart back in England, whither he was shortly summoned to the bedside of his cousin John Gibson Lockhart, when he was dying at Abbotsford.† During

* On his return from Rome, Fr. Lockhart stayed a short time with the Abbate Rosmini at Stresa, and the ineffaceable impression left on him by that holy man is recorded in his "Life of Rosmini," vol. ii., p. 194.

† Fr. Lockhart was also connected with Sir W. Scott, through the Pringles of Stichill, Margaret Pringle, daughter of

the week he spent in the house, he scarcely ever left the sick man's couch, who lay night and day in the breakfast-room, for he could not be removed from the ground floor, and he shunned the dining-room where his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, had breathed his last. The veteran man of letters was however unresponsive to all his pious attentions, and seeing he could do no good, Fr. Lockhart left his relative in the hands of his daughter (the late Mrs. Hope-Scott), who was most assiduous in reading to him the prayers from the Catholic "Garden of the Soul."

We have now arrived at the connection of Fr. Lockhart with the London Mission, which had best be narrated in the words of Fr. Lewthwaite, his companion there for over thirty years:—

"During Paschal time of 1854, Father Lockhart, whose health had broken down in preaching missions, was deputed by his Superiors, and with the approval moreover of Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, to select a suitable spot in London for the Institute, to establish a house and public church. Dr. Manning, an old friend of Father Lockhart's, suggested Kingsland, and upon due investigation it appeared particularly eligible.

Sir Thomas Pringle, Bart., who married Lord Covington, and was thus Fr. Lockhart's great grandmother, being herself great grand-daughter of John Pringle and of his wife Anne Scott, daughter of Lord Walter Scott of Buccleuch, great grandfather of the poet's father.

It was a new and increasing suburb, distant about a mile and a half from the churches of St. John the Evangelist, Duncan Terrace, Islington, and St. John Baptist, The Triangle, Hackney, and somewhat further from the Pro-Cathedral of St. Mary's, Moorfields, though the district had generally been served from that parish. A highly Ritualistic church existed in the immediate neighbourhood, the first incumbent of which, with his curate, had just been received into the Catholic Fold, and a spirit of inquiry had thus been generated. Moreover, a zealous Irishman, who had risen in the world by his talent and industry to become a master builder and contractor, offered a home for the mission in his own house, 83, Culford Road North, now 164, Culford Road, and with this, to provide board and lodging for one priest, free of charge.

"To carry this out, Mr. Thomas Kelly gave up the whole of the principal floor in his house. The drawing-room and back parlour communicated by folding doors, and this served for chapel and sanctuary, whilst the two rooms on the other side of the entry served for Father Lockhart's study and bedroom. The first Mass was said with a congregation of some twelve or fourteen persons; but as the news of the opening of a new mission spread, other Catholic families residing in the neighbourhood made themselves known, so that before the end of the year, the parlour and entry were unable to contain the worshippers.

"A timber yard with carpenters' shops lay behind the house; these Mr. Kelly re-arranged, and the additional bench room thus afforded enabled him to give up the space under one of his shops as a chapel. This chapel was supposed to seat about seventy-five persons. Two bays were next added to the chapel, which, being curtained off, served for a school during the week. Towards autumn, 1855, Father Lockhart thought we were sufficiently established to do something for ourselves, and on the 16th of October we slept for the first time in our own hired house. In October, 1855, a paper-staining manufactory in Tottenham Road, adjoining Mr. Kelly's yard, with the corner house in Culford Road, was purchased by our Fathers.

"The factory was opened immediately as a temporary church, whilst the second floor was being removed to make a more permanent church, with a western gallery on the first floor.

"Mass was first said here, on the site of the church of Our Lady and St. Joseph, on the 29th of June, 1856. At Christmas, 1856, the house next but one to the presbytery was rented as a quasi-convent, and Mrs. Lockhart, with Miss Catherine Athy, came from Greenwich to reside there in the Religious habit. In January, 1857, Mrs. Lockhart opened a school in the Convent House for little children of the middle class, and Miss C. Athy took charge of the ordinary Parochial School for girls and infants, with Miss Martha Lawless, a

convert and ex-pupil teacher from Mr. Dodsworth's Parochial School, Regent Park, as assistant. But in the course of the year, Mrs. Lockhart's health was found unequal to teaching; the idea of a Convent was abandoned; Miss C. Athy, continuing her school duties, went to live with her mother, who took a house in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Tayler, the widow of the late Rector of Stoke Newington, opened a school for Mrs. Lockhart's former pupils. Mr. Atkinson, afterwards Father Atkinson of the Institute of Charity, undertook a middle-class school for boys, and Mr. Carr, a secular, was engaged as master of the Parochial Boys' School. In the course of the next year the house between Mrs. Lockhart's and the Presbytery was purchased for the mission, and in the Autumn of 1859, it was thrown into the Presbytery.

"In the Summer and Autumn of this year, the church was much beautified by inserting stone mullions with tracery in the window spaces, and by adding a steep open roof designed by Mr. E. Welby Pugin, Mrs. Lockhart being the principal benefactor. The whole Presbytery was also raised an additional story, and the walls refaced so as to give the whole an ecclesiastical character; and an internal communication, with adjacent parlours, was made to the church. During these alterations in the Presbytery, Father Lockhart lived with his mother, who was tenant of the house now adjoining the Presbytery, and she invited Father Lewthwaite to be one of their party at dinner.

"In 1874, His Eminence the late Cardinal Manning invited the Institute of Charity to undertake the charge of the united Missions of Saffron Hill and Baldwin's Gardens.* This was looked upon by Superiors as an invitation from Divine Providence, and as this locality presented an opportunity of establishing a central house of the Province in the very centre of London, the Superior General gave his formal sanction to the project.†

"Estimates were made, by Mr. John Young, Surveyor, of the marketable value of the three properties as a basis for the exchange. The Church, Presbytery, and small schoolroom in Saffron Hill,

[* At a very early date, Cardinal Wiseman had in mind to give the mission of Saffron Hill to the Fathers of Charity, in order that they might have the care of the Italian population of the neighbourhood, and eventually build a church for their use. On a visit paid to him by Fr. Lockhart, about the 5th of Dec., 1855, the Cardinal again returned to the subject, and expressed a wish not only that the Institute of Charity should have the misson of Saffron Hill, but also, with much energy, spoke of the importance and advantages of their immediately opening a College for boarders and day scholars at Kingsland, or in some other part of the diocese; and when Fr. Lockhart declared that we had then no funds available for the purpose, the Cardinal said he should be most happy to assist us and to lend us all the money we required, until we should be in a position to pay it back.]

[† Towards the end of June, 1874, Fr. Lockhart went to take charge of St. Peter's, Cardiff, where he remained one year, though he continued also rector of St. Joseph's, Kingsland.]

were freehold property; the Church and schoolrooms of St. Bridget, Baldwin's Gardens, had but a very short lease to run; the tenure of the schoolrooms in Eagle Court was not accounted of estimable value. Thus the property in Saffron Hill was the only real centre for establishing a Church and House of the Institute, and for this it was too confined, while it was almost buried by the raising of the roads in the Fleet or Holborn Valley. The project therefore hung on uncertainty, and had been almost abandoned, when in Dec., 1873, Mr. Harting, the legal adviser of the Institute in England, informed Father Lockhart that the old Catholic Church of St. Etheldreda in Ely Place, Holborn—built at the end of the 13th century, as a domestic chapel for the Bishops of Ely—was put up for public sale, and strongly advised him to bid for it.

"This he did with the approbation of the Vice-Provincial, the Rev. Father Gazzola, there being no time to consult the Provincial, the Very Rev. Father Rinolfi, then in Rome, and, through the skilful management of competent agents, the purchase was completed, and the church, with a large yard and stables adjoining, secured, all being a freehold property.*

* As St. Etheldreda's Chapel stood when purchased, little architectural decoration was to be seen beyond the very beautiful tracery of the East Window, and some glimpses of that which still remained entire, but blocked, in the West Window. The stone tracery had been knocked out of the

"This sale was made under a decree in Chancery, and the Lord Chancellor of England gave the necessary sanction to the purchase in March, 1874.

side windows, and wooden mullions inserted, but the eastern-most windows on either side had been blocked externally by building houses against the church, and these retained their tracery, thus guiding the architect in the restoration of the others. The jambs of all the windows had been adorned with clustered shafts and floriated capitals working into the mullions, and also at the angle at the wall face. These were hidden by stoothing and plaster, bringing all to a flat surface, as were also the spaces between the windows, which, on the removal of the galleries, were found to be enriched by shallow niches and pediments surmounted by rich crockets and finials. The roof had been underdrawn with a barrel-shaped ceiling, but the original roof was found within, and the chestnut timbers in fair preservation, after the lapse of upwards of five hundred and fifty years. Galleries ran the whole length of the church at each side, and at the west end, blocking much of the west window, were two galleries, one above another. Two entrances had been cut under the East Window, and the South doorway, which is very handsomely moulded, was disused; a North doorway opposite was walled up. The work of restoration was put into the hands of Messrs. Bernard Whelan and John Young, Jun., Architects. As it was observed that there was a slight curvature in the ridge of the roof, the slates were taken off and all the rafters, which were very solid, carefully examined and repaired. It was found that there was originally a king-post roof with a short hammer beam to each rafter, but these had been cut away, as also the tie beams, the moulded ends of which were still in the walls; these were severally replaced, and the roof, after being covered with double boarding, finished with chocolate-coloured tiles from Staffordshire."

Part of a house at the opposite side of Ely Place was taken on a lease of six years as a residence for the Community, but during the Octave of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Institute was enabled to secure the tenancy and tail end of the lease of the house adjoining the church on the south side, and this was considered so great an acquisition that it was immediately closed with.

"On Monday, June 22, the Vigil of St. Etheldreda, most of the furniture from the Presbytery at Kingsland having been transferred, three members of the Institute, Fathers Lockhart and Signini, and Brother Atkinson, slept in the new house. The two female servants from Kingsland accompanied them, and were lodged in a detached building at the end of the back garden.

"On Tuesday, June 23, the Feast of St. Etheldreda, 1874, Holy Mass was said by Father Lockhart in the domestic Oratory, at which a select number of Catholic ladies and gentlemen, friends of the Institute, assisted, and breakfast was served in the parlour. In the evening, the Fathers, with Bro. Atkinson, rejoined Fr. Lewthwaite at Kingsland, to attend a large Tea Party given by their old congregation to the Fathers, at which His Grace Archbishop Manning very kindly presided.

"In the course of the evening, after proposing the health of His Holiness Pius IX., His Grace proposed the Fathers of Charity in the following terms:—

"'Reverend Fathers and dear children in Jesus

Christ. My last toast gave me great pleasure, and the one I am going to propose is also very pleasing to me. I know that what I shall say will cause much pain to a certain number of you at least, but I feel confident that when I shall have told you all I have to say, I shall leave you all together in one mind in submitting yourselves to the will and service of God.

"'I must begin by saying that of all the men in London, nay, of all the men in England, I claim to be the one who has a right of priority to propose this toast to the Fathers of Charity, who are about to leave this Mission for another and more important field of labour. Even if my illustrious and beloved predecessor, His Eminence the Cardinal, were here this evening, I should still claim to be allowed to give this toast.

"'I was the Priest who said the first Mass in Kingsland, in a little room (which is probably still standing) of the house of Mr. Kelly. There were about six Catholics present at that Mass, and so at another Mass which I also said. Feeling a great interest in this part of London, I looked about me to see whom I could recommend to the Cardinal to intrust with the charge of the new Mission at Kingsland, and I fixed my eyes on my dear old friend, Fr. Lockhart, whom I have known for some thirty years.

"'I may tell you that I have known other Fathers of the Order of Charity, for instance, the former

Provincial, Father Pagani, a learned man, a wise man, a holy man, and a humble man. Also the present General, Father Bertetti, a man of much worth. But in particular, my dear friend Father Lockhart, I have known intimately as one man can know another, and I have no hesitation in saying that he has served this Mission faithfully.

"'Well, I did recommend Father Lockhart to the Cardinal, and having done so, I left the work of Kingsland in his hands, and what has been done since then is all his own doing.

"'I am well aware that you as a congregation are very sorry because Fr. Lockhart and the other Fathers of Charity are leaving you, and you wish to know why I, in the exercise of duty as your Archbishop, have decided on this step:—I will then tell you plainly and openly the whole thing.

"'The zeal and power of the Fathers of Charity have outgrown the Kingsland Mission. The power which is in them demands a larger and more difficult field than that afforded by the calm and tranquil congregation here. They must be placed in a central position for this great London, in a position where they may have more opportunity of bringing masses of sinners to salvation, and spreading the wholesome influence of their sacred ministries to a wider circle than they could do here in Kingsland. It is for this that I have felt it my duty to decide as I have done, though I knew I should cause grief to you, as in proof I see now manifested.

But you are too good Christians to demur to the Will of God thus shown to you through your Archbishop: and knowing this, I feel quite sure that you will receive my decision with docility and submission.'

"Steps were now taken to turn the Church of the Holy Family, Saffron Hill, into school-rooms. Its height allowed of a floor being put over the whole building after strengthening the walls with pilasters laid in cement, and timbers, with iron flakes bolted to them, made a safe support for the girls' schoolroom. This work was begun on the 15th of May. The girls and infants were transferred from Eagle Court to their new school-rooms on the 27th of June.

"A community of Sisters of Providence was sent from Lougborough to take charge of the girls' and infants' schools in August, 1874, and took up their residence in the Presbytery attached to the Holy Family Church in Saffron Hill, which was thoroughly fitted up as a Convent. Beside the schools in Eagle Court, they opened a Middle Class School in the room over the North Aisle of the church. In Nov., 1875, the Sisters left in Kingsland came to join the others, and all took up their residence together, at 15, Ely Place, the Saffron Hill house being vacated."

So far we have followed Fr. Lewthwaite's narrative. To return to the Kingsland Mission.

In time the stress and strain of work on the London Mission told on Fr. Lockhart's health. Frequent short changes of air were soon found necessary, and in the end, Fr. Lockhart had to absent himself from Kingsland for a twelvemonth together.

In Dec., 1862, Mrs. Lockhart had gone to live for a short time at Loughborough Convent, and there was some notion of her occupying the farm house near Ratcliffe College, some seven miles distant, if the land attached could be rented next year (on the expiry of the actual tenant's term), or else of her enlarging the lodge at the front gate for her residence.

In April, 1863, Fr. Lockhart's health improved so much, that it was no longer needful to send him into the country air at Ratcliffe, as had been intended, and when he really came thither, the farm was already re-let to another occupier, and Mrs. Lockhart was content to again spend some time with her friends, Mrs. and Miss Athy, at Loughborough Convent, in order to be near her son.

In the summer of 1863, Father Lewthwaite was removed to Ratcliffe, and Fathers Richardson and John Bailey were sent to Kingsland to assist Father Lockhart, who, for the benefit of his health, took up his residence with his mother at Clapton, about two miles from St. Joseph's, Kingsland. In August, 1864, Father Lockhart, being still in ill-health, was sent, as Vice-President, to Ratcliffe

College. There he frequently occupied the college pulpit, and was able to renew acquaintance with Gracedieu, and the scenes of his earliest labours.

Before, however, going to Ratcliffe, Fr. Lockhart had had to put himself under hydropathic treatment at Malvern, a watering place which he visited at intervals about this time. In Nov., 1863, the doctor there told him he must have complete change of life and scene if he hoped for recovery.

Father Lewthwaite had meanwhile returned to Kingsland as Rector of the house and head priest of the mission. Father Lockhart, on the restoration of his health, resumed his position as Rector, June 1st, 1865.

In Nov., 1870, Fr. Lockhart, having issued an address, stood as candidate for the Borough of Hackney at the first School Board election. On the list of sixteen candidates, of whom the first five were successful, Fr. Lockhart's name stood ninth, with 4,145 votes.

Any account of Fr. Lockhart's life in London would be incomplete without mention of three works in which he took the greatest interest, viz., the Catholic Press, the temperance cause, and the establishment of a home, as also clubs and recreation rooms, for young men in business.

The thought early occupied Fr. Lockhart's mind when he came to live in a populous northern suburb of London, where many young men, who had clerk-

ships in the city, took lodgings, that it would be a great act of charity to procure for them the comfort and safeguard of a home, sanctified by religious influences. Accordingly a number of rooms were fitted up in the Presbytery at Kingsland, and a family life established for young men who desired a Catholic home. "Many present that day," said the preacher at Fr. Lockhart's funeral, "remembered his work at Kingsland—his zeal for the house of God; his love for his religion; his intense faith and the desire he had to propagate it. Many remembered how the poor worshipped him because of his charity; for he never refused any that applied to him. Many young men would remember how he strove to remove one of London's greatest evils by throwing open the house of the Fathers of Charity, in order that there might be a home for those who should come to London and have no refuge from the dangers that threatened their faith and morals. For six years that went on, until it was found that it could not be kept up. But I well remember," continued Fr. Richmond, "the happiness of that family, the cheerful society that was always there. There was no dulness, no gloom in that house; the young men who were sheltered there had the freedom they had a right to expect under the gentle discipline of him who ruled that house—Fr. Lockhart."

In 1864, the number of lodgers was seven, and about that time FF. Lewthwaite and Richardson

devoted much attention to the work, and drew up rules for the regulation of the home and the club-room attached, which was fitted up with a billiard table and other conveniences.

Though Fr. Lockhart was for a part of this time living with his mother at Clapton, he was then and there attending to the establishment of a kindred work. What part Fr. Lockhart had in the foundation of St. Scholastica's Retreat, is made known to us by the accidental preservation of a loose sheet, evidently a copy of the letter written on the subject to his General, which he had sent at the same time to his provincial, Fr. Rinolfi.*

"During the year 1861," says Fr. Lewthwaite in his "Annals," "the foundations were laid of a Retreat for elderly Catholics of small means, and belonging

* "A lady of large property, a friend of mine, wishes to establish an alms-house for 40 old people, which she intends to endow on her death with £40,000. She wishes to place it in some locality where a new Mission may be needed sooner or later, and I have advised her to establish it about two miles from here, in the extremity of our district, where they are building very fast, and where there will be a large population in a few years. In order to provide for the spiritual welfare of the inmates of the alms-house, she offers to purchase and make over to our Order sufficient freehold land for a Church and Religious house, on condition of our undertaking to say Mass on all Sundays and Holidays for the inmates in the domestic chapel, until a church shall be built, when the alms people shall have a right to free seats in the church." (Letter of Fr. Lockhart to Fr. Pagani, dated Kingsland, March 22nd, 1859.)

to the class of gentry, which Miss Harrison, in consultation with Fr. Lockhart, founded at Clapton, at the North East end of the parish of Kingsland, and dedicated to St. Scholastica. In 1862, some of the houses of the Retreat being completed and occupied by residents, the library was fitted up for Divine Service, and the first Mass was said by Fr. Lewthwaite on Rosary Sunday, October 5th, according to an agreement with Miss Harrison that the Fathers of the Institute should provide one Mass there on all Sundays and Holidays.

"Father Pagani, when last in London, was much pleased with the elevated and healthy position selected for St. Scholastica's, and threw out the idea of building a College for day pupils in the immediate rear. Father Bertetti also, on his first visit to England, after his becoming General, looked at this place with the idea of founding there a central house for his Institute, but much of the ground was then sold off, and what remained was too limited for his plans. In the summer of 1863 Father Lockhart took up his residence with his mother in a vacant house in the Retreat, but his health being impaired in the following year, and the supplying of Clapton becoming inconvenient to the Institute, the charge was handed over to the Augustinian Fathers, who, in 1858, had taken the Hoxton district of the parish from our Fathers, and built a Church and Presbytery in Hoxton Square, and now wished

to have a country mission in the neighbourhood; but after a time, being dissatisfied with the engagements made to Miss Harrison, they returned it to the Fathers of Charity. Ultimately St. Scholastica's was handed over to the diocese as a centre for a Secular Mission, together with the interests the Fathers of Charity had in the property and their responsibilities."

Fr. Lockhart's advocacy of the cause of Temperance is well known, owing to the great number of meetings he attended in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, and in Ireland. It is needless to say that many thousands of "pledges" were given at his hands, and his wan, ascetic look, and the knowledge that for many years, as long indeed as the doctors would allow him, he himself was a strict teetotaler, gave force to his words, and kindled enthusiasm in his hearers. As the London *Athenæum* well remarked, in the obituary notice it gave of Fr. Lockhart from a literary point of view, "never was his fine military figure seen to greater advantage than on the public platform." When the League of the Cross came to grow from hundreds to thousands, and Cardinal Manning, its president, was too old and infirm to attend so many public and open air meetings, as he was invited to, he had been accustomed for many years past to delegate Fr. Lockhart to represent him on these occasions both in and out of London. At the Crystal Palace mass meetings, on the greens of Peckham,

Clerkenwell, &c., and in many a slum of London, Fr. Lockhart was for many years a leading spirit and a striking figure.

The following account of Fr. Lockhart's connection with the Catholic press of the metropolis has been penned by Mr. James Coen, barrister-at-law, one of his most attached friends, who, in all such undertakings, was his chief supporter.

"ST. JOSEPH'S PRESS."

When Mrs. Martha Lockhart followed her son into the Church, she was anxious to continue some of the good work among poor children which she had inaugurated at Chichester, under the direction of the then Archdeacon Manning. So "St. Joseph's Press" was established; and many good and trained compositors and pressmen can trace their success to the day when she presented them with "indentures" and fair wages. From this press were issued many first editions of Father Lockhart's smaller works.

"CATHOLIC OPINION."

From 1867 to 1873, a very familiar figure in Fleet Street, with well-filled portfolio strapped over his shoulder, was that of the tall priest journalist, then actually editing "Catholic Opinion," to which he also contributed the leaders on the more important subjects, without evident detriment to his other literary labours. He had taken up the work

as a labour of love, and had soon gathered round him a number of young journalists working for the same unremunerative reward, but feeling more than satisfied in working for and with him: so that the paper started as "an opinion" or "echo," came to be constantly noticed and quoted in the general press when it had developed under his capable management into a strong weekly. The "Dublin Review" said: "We cannot but be struck by the vigour and spirit with which "Catholic Opinion" is conducted—a vigour and spirit truly remarkable considering its low price. It must do very important service in diffusing sound Catholic doctrines." The "Tablet" described it "as true as the needle to the Pole," and the "Weekly Register" (then conducted by Mr. Wilberforce), as being "an echo of the Catholic world, giving the reader a complete *resumé* of everything concerning Catholic affairs."

"The Lamp."

In 1871, Father Lockhart took over this, the oldest existing Catholic periodical, and in it developed a facility for story-writing which nobody had suspected him possessed of. Besides these lighter compositions, many of his more important works appeared in it, which have since been promoted to book form.

But time's changes came. His less robust health, and removal to the mission at Cardiff; and

subsequently his prolonged absences in Rome, made it impossible for him to continue the grave but necessarily personal responsibility of literary work in Catholic periodicals.

"Catholic Opinion" has long been incorporated with "The Catholic Times," appearing now as a second title in that excellent Catholic newspaper; and the "Lamp" still prospers, though in other hands.

A friend sends us a copy of a note received from Father Lockhart (in 1871), which expresses a policy in which he was most consistent to the end: "We shall aim at a loyal advocacy of truth combined with charity in our mode of defending it, to promote the spirit of union among all classes of Catholics in the three kingdoms, and defend the rights of Ireland to equality before the law, and (if she herself demands it) to that home government of which she was deprived by the Union."

During the last years of his life, Fr. Lockhart continued to give frequent Missions and Retreats to the Clergy and Religious. Since 1881 he had spent the winters in Rome as Procurator General of his Order, and there he was often called upon to give a course of English sermons at St. Andrea delle Fratte, or at St. Silvestro in Capite, as also to preach the annual English sermon during the octave of the Epiphany at St. Andrea della Valle.

Twice he was presented to the Pope at Shrove-tide, according to custom, with the other Lenten preachers of the year. In England and Scotland he continued within a year or two of his death to give missions in various towns, as Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Derby, etc., whilst amongst the Religious Communities, to which he gave Retreats, were Carmelites, Augustinians, Dominicans, and Franciscans. He gave Retreats to the clerics or the diocesan Clergy at Ushaw, Hammersmith, Ratcliffe, etc., while at the latter College he was frequently called upon to give Retreats to the boys at Ascensiontide, and to the Religious Community at the end of July. Most of the summer of 1889 was spent in Ireland, where he gave a Retreat to the Clergy of Galway, and to various Religious Communities in Dublin. In Rome, too, he had to give Retreats to the students of the English and Irish Colleges, at the invitation of his old and attached friends, Archbishops Kirby and O'Callaghan.*

* To Fr. Lockhart Fr. Rinolfi wrote from Rugby on the 5th December, 1856:—"I suppose you are aware that your name and that of Fr. Furlong are on the list of the preachers of the Catholic University. Now Fr. Newman wants a sermon for the first Sunday of Lent, and another for the second Sunday. It must be, he says, 'a plain, searching exhortation, suited to the season, which may do us all good.' Could you absent yourself for those two Sundays, or at least for one; or must I try to get Fr. Furlong? I think your preaching might suit them better; and I might send some-

"I suppose that nobody ever heard Fr. Lockhart preach," writes a professor of elocution, "without being deeply impressed. His majestic presence, his noble face and forehead, his dignified bearing and graceful gesture, at once charmed the eye and riveted the gaze upon him; whilst his clear musical voice, and the delicate accuracy and distinctness of his pronunciation, kept spell-bound the ear. His matter to many may perhaps have appeared somewhat too high and abstruse, but the solemn earnestness with which he always spoke was eloquent to all."

Fr. Lockhart used to say that he owed his distinct utterance and his power of voice to the careful training he received in early life from Fr. Furlong, while he learnt much as regards the matter and form of his discourses by listening to the sermons of Fr. Rinolfi. When Fr. Lockhart first came as a novice to Ratcliffe, his voice was very weak; but Fr. Furlong, who was then stationed there, taught him to strengthen it by reading aloud every day, and to perfect his delivery by special and unwearied attention to the effective employment of marked labial action.

one from here to Kingsland. I shall write also to Fr. Furlong and see what he says. In the meantime, I have written to Fr. Newman, promising him that I shall get him some one of our Fathers." It does not appear that the invitation was ever accepted. Later on, however, when again invited by Dr. Newman, Fr. Lockhart went to Birmingham to give a stirring retreat, long remembered by the boys of Edgbaston.

Perhaps at no time did Fr. Lockhart appear so thoroughly happy, so truly the Parish Priest as when, on Sunday afternoons, preceded by his parish band and a banner of St. Etheldreda, and surrounded by a goodly company of his chosen and faithful young men, he would repair to Robin Hood Court, to Bleeding Heart Yard, or to the slums and alleys of Grays Inn Road, and there, mounted on a tub or barrow, midst the cries of "God bless your Riverence!" and "Long life to the Father of London's Irish poor!" he would plead with them to give up drink and to live the lives of good Christians and Catholics. "Truly it was a glorious sight," says one who was a spectator on several such occasions, "to see the Father in cassock and bareheaded, giving the pledge to young and old: men, women and little children, hundreds of whom bore the sad marks of habitual intemperance —nay, many of whom were actually the worse for drink whilst kneeling at his feet." *

* "It was on an occasion like this, in the summer of 1890," writes the same eye-witness, "that I accompanied Fr. Lockhart to an Irish Court in his parish: the afternoon was intensely hot, the narrow Court was densely packed, while the doors and windows were swarming with those anxious to see and hear him, who, in the estimation of all, was second only to the great and good Cardinal himself. Hardly had he spoken when an over zealous Police Sergeant ordered him to 'move on.' And in no ante-camera at the Vatican, at no papal audience, did our Father look so truly grand and so noble as when, with head erect and step majestic, and in obedience

But in the midst of work, in the full exercise of all his parish duties, 'in harness,' as we may truly say, Fr. Lockhart was suddenly called away to the reward he had never lost from view. He had just returned from Rome, which he had left earlier than usual, in order to make arrangements for the opening of a new house of his Order in Belgium, near

to the rough command of that minion of the law, he descended to the pavement, and, after briefly apologising for coming to preach temperance to Erin's exiled children, amid the mingled cries of 'shame,' and 'God bless ye, Father,' from the women and children, and strong expressions of disapproval from the men, he was hustled out of the Court by the police. The conduct of the police now becoming aggressive, and the temper of our people being sorely tried, a regular street fight was imminent; but by the words of Fr. Lockhart, what might have proved a serious matter, was averted and peace restored: not however until one man had been knocked down and roughly handled by the police. The result of all this was, that many of next morning's London papers bore testimony to the esteem in which our Father was held by Catholics and Protestants alike, and severely called to account those officers who had obstructed a Catholic Priest in a Catholic district while looking after the welfare of his people. Next Sunday, again with band and banner, and preceded by the very policemen who had acted so unwarrantably but a week before, Fr. Lockhart went to the same place, where the second officer in immediate command of the City force (himself a Protestant) came in plain clothes; and after apologising on behalf of his men, shook hands with Fr. Lockhart, and bore testimony to the good work being done, adding that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to attend our temperance meeting that night, were he not engaged to speak on the same subject in Southwark."

Bruges. He arrived from Paris in time to spend Easter with his flock at Ely Place, London. Invitations to preach here and there soon flowed in upon him. One invitation came from his old mission at Kingsland, owing to the death of his former companion there, Fr. Lewthwaite. There too he addressed a meeting of the League of the Cross, after the evening service on the first Sunday of May—a spot on which years ago the first total abstinence demonstration had been held in London under his own direction.

It was only a fortnight before his death, that Fr. Lockhart delivered a sermon at Kingsland on the death of his *confrère*, Father Lewthwaite; and it is a singular coincidence that his very last discourse was preached on the following Sunday at Hoxton, one of the three missions that were eventually carved out of the parish he had himself formed in northern London. Thus two of the three last sermons he was destined to deliver were preached in missions in the establishment of which he had been concerned; the intervening sermon being preached at St. Etheldreda's on the text, "A little while you shall see me, &c."

Whilst in Rome last winter his health caused some anxiety to his friends, owing to a sharp attack of gout, but all fears were dispelled when, on his return to London, he displayed an unusual amount of activity in the fulfilment of his priestly duties. So far back as 1883, Dr. Aitken had told Fr. Lockhart in

Rome that the wall of his heart was so attenuated that any great exertion, or any sudden chill, might send the blood to the weakest part, and cause sudden death. He said he might die any time after climbing one of the long Roman flights of stairs.

Although for some time past Father Lockhart's health had been failing, his death was quite unexpected. On Saturday night, May 14th, he remained in the crypt of St. Etheldreda's till ten o'clock, hearing confessions. Afterwards he took supper with his brother clergy, retiring to rest after having paid his customary visit to the Blessed Sacrament. He had arranged to sing the High Mass on Sunday and to preach at the evening service. But about 8.30 on Sunday morning, he entered Fr. Jarvis's room and complained of feeling very unwell, requesting that Fr. Jarvis would be kind enough to sing the High Mass for him. He also asked for Fr. Bone, the vice-rector, who was also his confessor; but when Fr. Bone, who was then saying Mass, arrived, to his surprise he found Fr. Lockhart apparently in a deep sleep, but, on further examination, perceived that he was dead. Death is primarily attributed to an attack of indigestion aggravated by gout. The verdict of the Coroner's inquest, to which, in the midst of general grief, his *confrères* were rudely summoned, was, that Father Lockhart's death was caused by failure of the heart's action, resulting in syncope, and complicated by gout in the stomach.

A newspaper correspondent, who visited the death-chamber on Monday, wrote:—

"The room is at the top of the house, and its simple style is indicative of the simplicity of its occupant's tastes. On a simple camp bed lay the grand old priest, vested in his cotta and biretta. On the breast the hands were folded, and in these rosary beads were intertwined. There was something inexpressibly solemn in this sad gazing on the features of the dead. It might be a forewarning—a *memento mori.* To us it was a leave-taking of one we loved. But amidst this depressed gloom, so admirably natural, so decidedly untheatrical, what struck one most was the calm and serene features of the dead priest. Assuredly his must have been a most holy death; no pain could have intruded itself in his last moments. The earthly tenement was there, but the soul that had inhabited it seemed already to be in heaven. A beautiful smile lit up the worn countenance and as we knelt, gazing on those placid features, wondering, the concluding words of his second last sermon were recalled forcibly to our minds. Speaking of Father Lewthwaite, he said: 'May the thoughts I have put before you to-night be profitable to you and to me; may they help us on our way in this our earthly pilgrimage—some of us must be very near the end of it. May we all and each have that grace—the greatest above all graces—to be able to say (as I am sure our dear Father Lewthwaite

was able to say with all humility on his death-bed), "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."' Who could doubt, standing in that lovely lifeless presence, that the prayer had been heard, and that he who more than fifty years ago, in the face of much opposition, sought the truth and embraced it, could likewise say in his dying hour, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.'"*

On Thursday, the Office and Solemn *Requiem* for Father William Lockhart was chanted at St. Etheldreda's, in presence of the Archbishop of Westminster, surrounded by a large assemblage of Canons of the diocese, and of clergy, Secular and Regular. The church was densely packed. The base of the catafalque was covered by the numerous wreaths that had been sent by members of the congregation, and by friends from without. Fr. Jarvis celebrated the Mass, with Fathers McGuire and Lean, all of the Institute of Charity, as deacon and sub-deacon; while Fr. Richmond, of Rugby, preached the panegyric. After his Grace had pronounced the Absolution, the body was carried by members of the League of the Cross to the

* At the funeral, too, the preacher mentioned that their lamented parish priest had always been prepared for death, and said 'all his sermons invariably finished with some reference to the future world, and the necessity of being always prepared to answer the Master's call.'

hearse, and conveyed to St. Pancras Station, an immense concourse of people following behind the whole way amidst the drenching rain.

The body was accompanied to Leicester by Fathers Bone and Lean, Chevalier O'Clery, Mr. Coen, and by Mr. P. Hennessy of the League of the Cross. They were met at the lodge of Ratcliffe College by the President, Father Hirst, and by the Religious Community, the boys being all vested in cassocks and surplices. Vespers of the Dead were chaunted in the evening, and next morning Matins and Lauds. The solemn *Requiem* Mass was sung by Father Richardson of Newport, and among those present at the funeral were the Very Rev. Fr. Gazzola (Provincial of the Order of Charity in England), the Rev. Mother and other Nuns from Loughborough. The massive oak coffin was then borne up the long laurel walk, and the body laid in the quiet College cemetery, beside the mother he loved so well, and beside Father Lewthwaite, for so many years a zealous companion of Father Lockhart's on the London Mission. "As in life they loved one another, so in death they are not separated."

Amongst those present at Father Lockhart's *Requiem* or at the funeral, were the Bishop of Amycla, Monsignor Gilbert, Canons Murnane and Keens, Dr. Graham, representatives of the Fathers of Pious Missions, of the Society of Jesus, of the Servites, of the Augustinians, of the Marists, of the

Franciscans, of the Oratory, of the Friars Preachers, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and forty others of the clergy; with many devoted friends, as his two cousins, Prince di Cassano, and Lord Lamington; the present Lord Mayor, Alderman Stuart Knill; Sir Charles Russell, Attorney-General; Messrs. de Lisle, Middlemore, Kegan Paul, B. Whelan, &c., &c.

Fr. Lockhart was a most exemplary Religious. His fidelity to his duties of piety, his humility and obedience, were more than ordinary. From personal knowledge it can be said he never failed to make an hour's meditation every morning; while he has often been observed saying his Rosary two or three times in the day. His evening beads he never missed, and when interrupted by visitors or by some urgent correspondence, or by any other important occupation, he has often been seen prayerfully passing the beads through his fingers at the supper table, which regard for others forbade him leave before the usual time. Accustomed from very early youth to be his own master, and made heir in reversion of a handsome settlement by his uncle, who died before his nephew became a Catholic, obedience, humility and religious poverty often required of him a sacrifice such as few are called upon to make. He recalled with shame, and as a warning to others, how on the death of his father, which he most deeply felt, when he was twelve years of age, he took a certain pride or satisfaction in having as his

own his father's gold watch, the first object of value, as he said, he had ever possessed; and he felt a childish sense of importance in thinking of himself as then the head of the family.*

As for charity, the virtue from which the Order of his adoption took its name, Fr. Lockhart was charitable almost to a fault. His judgment but too often erred on the side of leniency. A Roman prelate, who knew him well, was one day heard to say: "I always look on Fr. Lockhart as charity personified." He could never be induced to think evil of anyone, but would interpret even glaring faults as blameless, if he did not make of them actual virtues. Never perhaps in anybody was more literally verified the beautiful saying of Tullius, *Ut quisque est vir optimus, ita difficillime esse alios improbos suspicatur.*

"It has been truly said that Father Lockhart was not fitted by nature to be a great leader of men, although he was gifted with great talents. He

* His father's dying words to him were: "Be a good boy, and do as Mama tells you." Only once or twice did he remember disobeying or grieving his mother, and when she died, 15 Jan., 1872, he wrote of her in the Catholic Journals of the week: "Her son thinks it a duty of piety, in announcing her death, to express his everlasting gratitude to one of the gentlest, most unselfish, and wisest of mothers, to whose earliest training he owes, under God, whatever good there may be in himself; for, though she followed him into the Church, she was the means of placing him on the right road by her example of conscientious love of truth."

was of dignified and courtly bearing, he possessed a lofty soul and a cultured mind. A ready and polished speaker, we have all admired his graceful gesture, his well-chosen words, his sublime thoughts. But if Father Lockhart influenced others by word and example, he did it unconsciously. He had a shrinking from responsibility, and he was most distrustful of his own judgment, so that he was accustomed to lean in most things on the judgment of others. Thus, by nature, he was led to attach himself to others. And looking back upon his past career, we find that his character was formed and moulded chiefly by three great men—by Newman, Manning, and Rosmini. It was Newman that filled his mind with lofty religious thoughts, and inspired him with an enthusiastic love of religious truth. It was Manning that stirred up in his soul a great zeal for the salvation of souls, so that all that the Cardinal could suggest, Father Lockhart was anxious to do. But it was reserved for Rosmini to mould and form the interior and spiritual life of mind and heart. Father Lockhart led a simple life; his conversation was always elevating and instructive. He had a large correspondence, he read a great deal, thought a great deal, and wrote a great deal. But he had not only a lofty mind; he possessed a large heart, and the sweet smile that ever played upon his lips was an index of the sweetness of his soul. Kind and amiable to all, he was fond of the poor, and

was always ready to open his purse to those in need."

So said Fr. Jarvis in the sermon he preached the Sunday after his beloved Superior's death.

Besides being occupied during the last twenty years of his life in translating into English the philosophical works of the man he esteemed most of all others, the Founder of the Institute of Charity, Antonio Rosmini, and in correcting for the press, and indeed practically editing, the translations of several volumes of that great Italian philosopher made by several hands, but especially by the late Fr. Signini, Fr. Lockhart was the author of several works of his own. It would be too long to enumerate the multitude of articles he wrote for the "Lamp," "Catholic Opinion," and other journals and reviews; so we must rest content with the list of his works such as it appears in the alphabetical catalogue of Ratcliffe College Library. Other works of his are anonymous, such as the "Dialogue on Liberty," &c. He has left many incomplete works, philosophical lectures, sermons, and controversial tracts in MS.

(1) "A Few Thoughts for Thoughtful Protestants," 1853; (2) "A Christmas Greeting to all Christians," (4pp.) London, 1856; (3) "Popular Lectures on the Catholic Religion," London, 1858; (4) "Popular Lectures on Who is the Antichrist?" London, 1858; (5) "Reasons for Rationalists," second edition, London, 1864; (6) "Review of Dr. Pusey's

Eirenicon," London, 1866; reprinted in "Cardinal Newman," in 1891; (7) "Non Possumus, or the Temporal Power of the Pope," London, 1868; (8) "The Old Religion, or How shall we find Primitive Christianity?" a Journey from New York to Old Rome, third edition, London, 1872; (9) "Life of Antonio Rosmini," 2 volumes, London, 1886; (10) "St. Etheldreda's and Old London," London, 1889; (11) "Cardinal Newman (or 50 years since)," four articles, London, 1891; (12) "The Chasuble," London, 1891.

And now we bid farewell to one whose name in the Church's annals will remain far more illustrious than many a scion's of that noble house, which is styled by Burke one of the most ancient and distinguished of Scotland. In Fr. Lockhart's case, at any rate, the ancient family motto, *Corda serrata pando*, proved singularly happy and true. No one perhaps ever knew him without being won by his kindness; and that heart must have been fast-locked indeed which could refuse to yield to the golden key of his combined gentleness and generosity. One can hardly help being struck, too, by the great similarity of the Lockhart family motto to that of the late Cardinal Newman, *Cor ad cor loquitur*. Both these great-souled, noble-minded men knew well how true it is that the heart alone can speak to, touch, and move the heart.

May he rest in peace.

APPENDIX.

In reference to the pedigree of Fr. Lockhart, printed in our last number, his cousin, the Princess di Cassano, writes:—

"The Stephen (J. 1153), 'a man of distinguished station,' from whom Father Lockhart was the 20th descendant, *was not* the founder of the family.

"The founder was another Stephen, grandfather of that Stephen. Father Lockhart was his 22nd descendant. He liked to think himself issued from that first Stephen Lock'Ard (latter half of the XIth cent.), because that Stephen, who belonged to the Lords of the Lock'Ard, Keltic Scotchmen, was also half Irish by his mother. She was born from the princely O'Neill family, and Father Lockhart was very fond of that old tie with his beloved Ireland.

"'Had she been a dairy-maid,' he said to me one day, 'I would have told my dear Irishmen that I was proud of that old tie with their sweet Erin, but her being an O'Neill, would make it pompous, and so I don't speak about it.'

"But he was enchanted with all the details I had found out for him, and he told me to send him a copy, 'just for his personal joy,' to have all the traditions about his Irish maternal descent. He only knew his first ancestress was an O'Neill, but

had not the particulars, nor those of the relationship with St. Waltheof :—all those details interested him.

"Another great satisfaction he felt was to know that he was lineally descended from his beloved St. Etheldreda's brother. I remember he used to say, laughing over it with me, 'You see, little Mary, the bother is, they were not saints from the vulgar classes, so it would be such an absurd dandyism to speak of the connection. I will just enjoy the blessed privilege for my *own sake*, and we won't talk about it to anybody.'

"I know you feel a pleasure to hear of this very simple reserve, and understand the sincere Rosminian humility which made him keep silence. But he always had been struck with the coincidence, that it was on his return from the journey taken to gather materials for his life of the Saxon Saints, that he met at Loughborough the grace of conversion, and he was very glad to be Rector of St. Etheldreda's. . . . . .

"At the time of Rev. A. Lockhart's second marriage, my grandmother lived in England, because my grandfather was secretary of the Neapolitan Embassy, and Mamma and my aunts were born in Scotland.

"There was a slight coolness later, when Father Lockhart, to enter your Order, refused all my grand-uncle's offers. My grand-uncle, Cardinal Thomas Riario Sforza (brother of the Marquess de Riario

Sforza), when he heard of the conversion, and the state of health which made Father Lockhart suspend his profession in the Institute, insisted upon his accepting an inter-nunziatura, which would shortly have brought him to the Cardinalate, but Father Lockhart declined the offer, and his uncle (my grandfather) was very angry at the time."